
Class No

[illegible]

To

Mrs Sarojini Naidu

With Compliments

from

The Author.

Cyril R. Michael
22nd December 1941

COME BACK TO
HINDUSTAN AND ME
AND OTHER POEMS

The proceeds of this publication, less printing costs, will be donated to the Royal Air Force. The author and the publishers do not propose to derive any financial benefit from the sales.

COME BACK
TO HINDUSTAN AND ME
AND OTHER POEMS

By
CYRIL R. MICHAEL

THACKER & CO., LTD.,
RAMPART ROW
BOMBAY

First Published Dec. 1941.

Copyright Reserved

*Set & printed in India by
C Murphy for Thacker & Company, Limited, at
Thacker's Press, Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay,
on Antique Wove paper supplied by
Messrs. John Dickinson & Co., Ltd.,
& Published by C. Murphy, Manager,
Thacker & Co., Ltd., Rampart Row, Bombay*

CONTENTS

	Page.
Come Back to Hindustan and Me	1
Hitler.	2
To Our Soldiers	3
Well Done India !.. .. .	4
Bombay's War Song	5
To Poland	6
Waltz Inspiration	7
Honeymoon Dreamland	8
Dream Eyes	9
Africa	10
Beauty	11
St. Patrick's Day	11
To a Turkish Maid	12
For You	14
To My Typist	15
Marjorie	16
The Voice of the Spirit	17
To Mrs Sarojini Naidu	18
Dejected	18
Prejudice	19
The Poet's Jeremiad	19
Regrets	24
If you Want Me	33
H. M. Customs' Easter Dance	34
The Universal Lesson	34
On Charles E. Vivian's "Star Dust "	35
To a Painting	35
To M.O.M.	36
Written on a Photograph	36
After Winning the Championship Cup for Shooting, 1930. ..	36

After Receiving a Lock of Hair From a Girl	37
Written on a Calendar	37
Befriended	37
To P.O'N	38
Consolation	38
To Slanderers	39
Truth	39
Written on a Christmas Card	40
To the Prize Winner	40
To a Girl after having a Slight Dispute (G.G.)	40
Written on the Leaf of a Presentation Prayer Book.. .. .	41
Birthday Greetings (To M.O.M.)	41
To a Girl in Africa....O.M.	42
To M—	43
Written on a Tombstone (by request)	43
Inserted in a Memoriam	44
Greta	44
To a Silent Poet	45
Green Eyes (To—)	47
To a Picture	48
On a Birthday Card (To M.O.M.)	48
Written on a Christmas Card	48
Requested by a Friend to Write after the Death of His Mother	49
Written on a Warehouse door on the eve of Transfer	49
To B. J. H. S.	50
Red	51
Publicity	52
Poetic Persistence	52
Bewilderment	53
The Aga Khan Hockey Tournament 1936.	53
Baby	54
To the Memory of the Loss of the Lusitania.	55
Come out and Fight	57
Lest We Forget (To Michael O'Leary V.C.)	58

CONTENTS

iii
Page.

In Memoriam, Armistic Day 1937.	60
Armistice Day 11th Nov. 1928.	60
An Appeal	61
Passing Moments	62
Shirely Temple	63
Juhu By the Sea	65
Dear Heart of Mine	65
Alone	67
Valse Rendezvous	68
Love What is thy Worth?	69
The Garden of Eden Valse	70
When I Married You	71
If I Could	72
You Asked About Me When I'd Gone	73
Life's Picture Book	74
Unforgettable Seventy	81
If I could have an Hour of Bliss with You.. . . .	94
Pathos	95
The Nativity	96
The Morn of Morns	96
Gloria in Excelsis	97
Christmas Morning	98
Easter Morn	98
Peter's Tears	100
The Judgement Day	101
Satire	104
Tabaemontana	105
If the World Deserted You	106
You Shall be First	107
Romance	108
Our Swing Band	109
You gave me All	109
Dawn	111
To Professor H—	112
St. Patricks Day	113

Recollections	114
Scandal	116
To a Dream Girl	116
Maid of Mars	118
A Certain Magazine	119
An Eastern Poem	120
The Pledge	121
Poppy Day	122
Names	122
The Merry Warblers' Band	124
On Marie Corelli's "The Soul of Lilith"	125
To M.C.	126
After Having Written	128
The Poets' Farewell	129
To Frank Portlock Esqr.	130
To Sir Joseph Kay, K T.	131
To A. B.	132
To Bubbles.. .. .	135
To M—	137
We'll Bomb You	138
To Patrick	139
To a Voice	142
To Mary	144
To Cypriano	146
To Sir Henry Gidney, K T.	147

P R E F A C E

The compiling of this manuscript has been for me no easy task. On the contrary it was an endeavour, nothing short of a tedious uphill climb, ever rounding the insurmountable obstacles that reared themselves on the pathway leading who knows, perhaps to the disilluminated summit! For on that journey there has been no aid, no word of consolation, no kindred spirit, no encouragement, no gratification, no generosity, no kindness, no support, and no sympathy. Thorns by the wayside, where there might have been blossoms! Much likened to a human cast on the chartless desert, seeking its barren wastes for water. But when the arduous task is accomplished, and if at all there be the slightest ray of sunshine striving to pierce the once dark ominous clouds of portending thunder; from far and near, those so called friends, who withheld their aid in the direst of trials, at the onset, (lest they too fall in the blackened pit of ignominy, and of unsucccess) are ever ready to extend the now gloved hand of comradeship, which once held the deadly stiletto of antagonism. How like an ungenerous world!

But to those friends, so very few in number now, whose faith remained unshaken in the face of all adversities, and who rallied around in their untiring attempt to rebuild a crumbling dais of inspiration, I thank, with the profoundest of thanks, intermingled with the sincerest of sentiments.

To the critics, that limited circle of gallant personages, who have befriended me, and against all odds defied conventions, by blazing a pathway to righteousness and justification, I bow my respects and my regards. But to the others, what of them? That very much larger and destructive army of so-called superior class of self-opiniated demi-gods, who have strived, but failed, by their gross unkindness (as is ever the case) in discouraging the spirit, with an ingenious method of phrase-quibbling, changing the brightness of a melody, to an ugly shadowed discord; I smile, and have always smiled, caring naught for the trumpeting of their criticisms or for the portrayal of their critiques, knowing well, that for them was not the glory, but the gloom!

Unlike Alexander Pope, I am not in the least desirous of launching a crusade against so well established a fraternity as this, nor have I any liking for a vulgar display of heroics, but if they are bent on battle, why then, I shall be reluctantly compelled to cross swords.

Like others, I have not been endowed with the necessities essential to the writer, namely, a studio, quietude, scenic surroundings, typewriter, time and opportunity, (the latter two, being the greatest of all assets) none of these things can I boast of, no, not even a reviewer! Had these facilities been mine, how different then would have been the story. The refrain of Waltz Inspiration was written with the stump of a pencil on the morning newspaper, to the unrhythmic rattle of a tram-car. And so like, in the most awkward positions, and trying circumstances, were some of the others penned.

To add to this, following in the wake of these handicaps (throughout the spare hours afforded for the purposes of writing) came the irony of interruptions, in its most grotesque, and nerve-wracking form, driving the mind almost to a verge of desperation.

In the final stages prior to publication, knowing my incapability, and not having the remotest idea in the execution of this art, an urgent appeal was made, for some one who had the experience and knowledge of classification, to arrange the collection in an order suitable for public perusal. In answer, I was politely told that I was competent enough to undertake the task. It was done with much misgiving, and a dread for the future consequences. Another splendid point of vantage for my critics !

Mankind is ever thankless, and yet one whisper of acknowledgement outweighs the ingratitude of millions. For so indeed it was, when from far away in the Beverly Hills in California, came that delightful response of appreciation from Miss Shirley Temple, with reference to a song-lyric.

For the gentlemen of the Press, I have the greatest of admiration and esteem, in spite of the many rejections of my verse. The refusal of contributions is no doubt very disheartening, especially to those conceited individuals who imagine themselves the rising Cowpers, Omar Khayyāms, Shelleys, or Moores, of a new generation, whilst in reality they are a mere nothing. And the result ? They slip back instead of progressing, finally to splutter out like the candle flame. But to those who really desire to learn what the

press teaches, success for them looms ahead. "The Editor regrets," enclosed in a returned contribution, is the politest form of expressing "Insufficient literary aptitude," and by no means signifying a disqualification. And so, the ambitious student desirous of advancement, and who embraces the doggedness of Scotland's Bruce, launches effort after effort, striving for an admission, at the closed door of the Sanctum Sanctorum, till the magic wording on the rejection slips read "So much," as a prefix to "Regrets." This goes on for a time, till of a sudden 'Acceptance,' followed by a cheque of remuneration, which leaves the budding author breathless.

Coming to the subject of song-writing, a few points are outlined for the guidance of the tyro. Many people are misled in believing that because they have written a wonderful lyric, with an exquisite melody to match, (passed so by the leading critics) that publication is a certainty. Will these unfortunates please accept my condolences. There are exceptions to the mighty rule of course, the odds being one to one million or more. "Tipperary," and "Yes We Have No Bananas," as is given to understand, may well be quoted. For a new author to exploit his manuscript, he must be on the spot, with cash to cover all expenses, and over, and a minute inside knowledge of the business. A first class band, supported by any leading artist for purposes of broadcasting, must be secured. Publicity, and a reliable firm to release the music sheets, are another two cardinal factors. Then of course dinner parties (if it is so wished) and heavens knows what not! All these things may help to push the sale. If by any chance, what I have stated be incorrect, let the

reputed publishers of Great Britain, and the United States of America answer me; for I too am willing to learn! *Magna est veritas et prevalet.*

In conclusion, I wish to tender an expression of thanks to the "Times of India," "Evening News," and "Sunday Standard," for their courtesy in permitting a reproduction of poems already published in their respective Journals. I desire also to present my compliments to Mr. E. C. Murphy for undertaking the responsibility and onerous burden of this publication.

I shall ever remain grateful to Sir Ness Wadia, for the charming and gracious manner in which he has at all times received me. His bewitching smile, and cheerful words are mannerisms which will always be remembered.

THE AUTHOR.

press teaches, success for them looms ahead. "The Editor regrets," enclosed in a returned contribution, is the politest form of expressing "Insufficient literary aptitude," and by no means signifying a disqualification. And so, the ambitious student desirous of advancement, and who embraces the doggedness of Scotland's Bruce, launches effort after effort, striving for an admission, at the closed door of the Sanctum Sanctorum, till the magic wording on the rejection slips read "So much," as a prefix to "Regrets." This goes on for a time, till of a sudden 'Acceptance,' followed by a cheque of remuneration, which leaves the budding author breathless.

Coming to the subject of song-writing, a few points are outlined for the guidance of the tyro. Many people are misled in believing that because they have written a wonderful lyric, with an exquisite melody to match, (passed so by the leading critics) that publication is a certainty. Will these unfortunates please accept my condolences. There are exceptions to the mighty rule of course, the odds being one to one million or more. "Tipperary," and "Yes We Have No Bananas," as is given to understand, may well be quoted. For a new author to exploit his manuscript, he must be on the spot, with cash to cover all expenses, and over, and a minute inside knowledge of the business. A first class band, supported by any leading artist for purposes of broadcasting, must be secured. Publicity, and a reliable firm to release the music sheets, are another two cardinal factors. Then of course dinner parties (if it is so wished) and heavens knows what not! All these things may help to push the sale. If by any chance, what I have stated be incorrect, let the

reputed publishers of Great Britain, and the United States of America answer me; for I too am willing to learn! Magna est veritas et prevalet.

In conclusion, I wish to tender an expression of thanks to the "Times of India," "Evening News," and "Sunday Standard," for their courtesy in permitting a reproduction of poems already published in their respective Journals. I desire also to present my compliments to Mr. E. C. Murphy for undertaking the responsibility and onerous burden of this publication.

I shall ever remain grateful to Sir Ness Wadia, for the charming and gracious manner in which he has at all times received me. His bewitching smile, and cheerful words are mannerisms which will always be remembered.

THE AUTHOR.

COME BACK TO HINDUSTAN AND ME

THERE'S a valley out in Kashmere,
Where mountains guard the way,
Where every memory is dear,
And love proclaims the day.
There's a temple where a maiden,
Chants her haunting melody,
And the Eastern nights are laden,
With a sweet perfumery,
And I hear her voice a-calling,
A-calling back to me.

* *

*

Come back to Hindustan and me,
My love of yesterday,
We'll live our lives in ecstasy,
Where mogra flowers sway.
We'll kiss 'neath Indian skies of blue,
And seal our destiny,
And you will find us ever true,
Both Hindustan and me.

* *

*

There's a magic valley lying,
Where silver moonbeams fall,
And the scented breeze goes sighing,
Thro' every tree-top tall,
And the Eastern nights are laden,
With a sweet perfumery,
Where a lonely mountain maiden,
Chants her haunting melody,
And I hear her voice a-calling,
A-calling back to me.

(Musical Rights Reserved)

By courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India"
5th April 1936.

HITLER

THE time will come when you will face your God,
No more Dictator o'er a gore-drenched sod.
In that supreme tribunal you will stand,
Alone, without a single guard at hand.
The prosecuting angel then will read,
The numerous charges, deed on dreadful deed.
How you inflamed the brain of German right,
And led their maddened legions to the fight ;
The carnage that was wrought at your command,
'Cause Poland spurned your merciless demand,
With blood-lust zeal you tolled that funeral bell,
With crimson hands from Warsaw's flaming hell.
The massacre of women, children too,
With dying breath has brought their curse on you.
Athenia's sob, when battling with the sea,
Has stained fore'er the flag of Germany.
A traitor to the core, by pledges made,
A scheming liar on the downward grade.
Untrusted and despised by all the world,
Soon at damnation's gates you will be hurled.

By courtesy of "The Sunday Standard"

October 15th 1939.

TO OUR SOLDIERS

Thou gallant brave, who thus the tempest stood,
With' suff'rings bowed, and hearts that understood
The meaning sacrifice ! Where Freedom's path
Was oped by thee, on that great aftermath !
With love divine, unselfish, glory be,
Staked utmost best, for frail humanity.
To liberate Mankind, enforced to war,
Did smite the devil, 'gainst the angel's door.
In homage for this act, we bend the knee,
With eyes triumphant now to gaze on thee.
Belovéddest, salvation's cross who bore,
With martyrdom, lives now for evermore !
Remembered and respected in our prayer,
With thoughts most constant, for thee over there.
In deeds, not words, we offer all we can,
By Red Cross work, uplift the stricken man !

WELL DONE INDIA !

Well done ! beloved India, ever pride of British fame,
 On your fair brow the laurel rests, with 'Noble' as its name.
 No thought of self, resources all, from cities of renown,
 With loyal hearts were proffered, for the prestige of the Crown.
 The Hindu and the Muslim sects, like steadfast brothers stood,
 For England in her crisis; lo ! they did the best they could.
 And patriotic princes, from south to Rawalpind,
 With their men-at-arms were ready, in every state of Ind.
 Now rampant in their splendour, with their trusty swords and true,
 To join the mighty colours, 'neath the red and white and blue.
 All grievance sunk, forgotten strife, the hour of need was near,
 And Hindustan responded, with a wild resounding cheer!
 To give her very life-blood, for the cause of Britain's aim,
 For peace and sanctuary to last, in Freedom's sacred name.
 Unanimous the verdict; the oppressor must be crushed,
 The fount of cursed aggression must with bayonet point be rushed.
 The staunchness of their women too, who helped the men-folk on,
 By fortitude and courage till the goal of peace be won.
 And when the page of hist'ry turns, gilt-edged, with pride is read,
 The name of Hindustan will flash its title overhead,
 And countless generations will be proud of India's host,
 Who rallied round the Empire's flag, and did their uttermost.

By courtesy of "The Evening News of India"
 5th September 1939.

BOMBAY'S WAR SONG

Help us to strangle them, for strangle them we must,
Not only put a check upon their greed,
But hammer them, and smash them, grind them to the dust,
It must be done, and we'll supply the need !
The end is approaching, the fatal hour is near,
When Nazi High Command surrenders all,
The whole of Christendom will raise a mighty cheer,
When German and Italian Empires fall.
With R.A.F. explosions, blowing dockyards high,
The British Navy sweeping every sea,
We'll batter them to silence, till there's no reply,
And Adolf goes into eternity !
So help us to strangle them, Hitler, Himmler too,
This time the German flag must lowered be,
Goering and Ribbentrop will meet their Waterloo,
When Britain claims decisive victory !

•

TO POLAND

Dauntless you stood against the vandal legions,
 Ruthless Nazi might and Hitler's hunnish hordes ;
 They bombed your cities, laid waste your hallowed regions ;
 Racked you with poison gas, your babes they spit on swords !
 Yet though these hell-hounds broke your stout defence,
 They cannot break your patriot's spirit true,
 With all their massacre and vile offence !

Heroic Poland : An astounded world in tribute bows to you !

* * * * *

Boldly you faced inhuman Hitler's brutal force,
 And dared defy the arch destroyer's cherished dream :
 With gallant band, brave heart and stout resource,
 You bent a strength that thought itself supreme !
 Your women with your men stood side by side,
 Smiling in the face of devastation's blast,
 Gladly for their country's sake they died !
 Brave daughters of a deathless past !

Heroic Poland, a grateful world in tribute bows to you !

By courtesy of "The Evening News of India"

September 21st 1939.

WALTZ INSPIRATION

THAT night when first your eyes met mine,
 Dear eyes of cornflow'r blue,
 In its clear depths I read the sign,
 Of love and hope so true.
 The waltz of life had just begun,
 Its dreamy melody,
 And both our souls were wrapped in one,
 Eternal harmony.

Waltz inspiration of love-dreams,
 Leading us on anew,
 Over the rim where the world seems,
 Lost in a sea of blue.
 High on the arch of a rainbow,
 Holding each other's hand,
 Finding our own El Dorado,
 There in some magic land.

I whispered all my fond replies,
 To everything you said,
 And deep within your starlit eyes,
 Your secret now was read.
 Your lips were almost touching mine,
 The waltz had just begun,
 And floating in that dream divine,
 I knew your heart was won.

(*Musical Rights Reserved*).

By courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India"
 26th April 1936.

HONEYMOON DREAMLAND

There's an island where the sunbeams,
 Flood the magic sky above,
 And its wonder stirs our day-dreams,
 To a wild pulsating love.
 Words of tenderness are spoken,
 In this wonderland divine,
 Yet the spell is never broken,
 When your lips are pressing mine.

Honeymoon dreamland of splendour,
 Where love is the atmosphere,
 Two faithful hearts will surrender,
 Under the moonbeams clear.
 Dreaming our dreams in the lovelight,
 Drugged by each passionate kiss,
 Till honeymoon dreamland's sunlight,
 Shines on this land of bliss.

There's an island where the moonbeams,
 Sweep across the golden sky,
 And its wonder stirs our love-dreams,
 With its glory from on high.
 Yet romance is never ending,
 In this isle of ecstasy,
 Where two loving hearts are blending,
 In a perfect harmony.

(Musical Rights Reserved)

By courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India"
 14th June 1936.

DREAM EYES

Upon a lone enchanted shore,
 The land of sweetest ecstasy,
 We made our vows for evermore,
 Beside the sea.

* *

*

Dream Eyes, you're all the world to me,
 Sweet smiling lips divine,
 We've pledged our troth eternally,
 And now your heart is mine.
 Dream Eyes, when you are in my arms,
 Love finds its own embrace,
 When gazing down upon your charms,
 I see an angel's face.

* *

*

The crimson sunset lingered there,
 The skies were tinged with blushing hue,
 And everything from everywhere,
 Reflected you.

(Musical Rights Reserved.)

By courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India"
19th April 1936.

AFRICA

'Tis the darkest land of phenomena,
Where the palm-trees sway and nod,
Where the lodestar floats in the welkin,
Enshrouding the mysteries of God.
And the purple shadows fall swiftly,
In the occident's waning light,
Where the palest moon lies languid,
In the folds of a tropical night.
And the silhouette of sombre mountains,
Lie black on the velvet sky,
Where the dull-scented winds in the branches,
Rush on with a long-drawn sigh.
And the glittering eyes of cobras,
Watch the plumage of resting wing,
Where the snarl of couchant leopards,
Mock the growl of the animal king.
And the sands of the great Sahara,
Meet the line of horizon far,
Where wisdom, and solace together,
Guard the secrets of Africa.

By courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India"
21st June 1936.

BEAUTY

In thy tresses I behold,
 Auburn flecked with dancing gold,
 Eyes of champagne lustre shine,
 Mirrors of a soul divine.
 Angel features pure and fair,
 Marred by neither kiss nor care,
 Softest cheek of palest pink,
 Tinged with nature's living ink.
 Teeth of pearl, and rose-red lip,
 Smiles around each corner skip,
 Gestures linked with lowly mien,
 Like a fabled fairy queen.

By courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" 9th August 1936

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Fair Ireland ! though you're far across the sea,
 My greetings ! you shall not forgotten be.
 Your loveliness is praised, your beauteous grace,
 An emerald princess occupying her place,
 Where shamrocks sway, and smiling Irish eyes
 Of colleens, match their glory with the skies.
 Where peace and sanctuary reign everywhere,
 And mem'ries of O'Leary linger there.
 Where hist'ry page, past heroics portrayed,
 And by those deeds the Irish name was made.
 With blood, and mud, and tears of suff'ring pain,
 You won your way, victorious once again.
 Where stoic breaking hearts were blended true,
 To make their Erin Isle, what now is you.
 Blessed by St. Patrick in the days of yore,
 God guard and keep you thus for evermore.

By courtesy of "The Evening News of India" 17th March 1938.

TO A TURKISH MAID

Bon Voyage ! and one last look with parting sighs,
In mine was laid thine hand with ling'ring touch,
And everything unsaid spoke from thine eyes
With silent utt'rances that meant so much.
No tear was shed, imprisoned anguish lay,
Like some poor guiltless soul for time's release,
To haste the sadden'd hour to glide away,
Then weep, and weeping find a freedom's peace.
And yet in that hurt look of sobless poise,
All things transformed by thine last poignant gaze,
Uplifted seemed the world as it arose,
To bind us in love's great entrancéd maze.
And in that universe, twin stars alone,
Thine eyes, whose lum'nous lights but shone for me,
By their poetic spell, claimed me thine own,
Chained to thine life, and soul's eternity.
Thus Siddiquah, most true, by fate's decree,
The siren's call has wailed its warning note,
The gangway creaks, the moorings slip the quay,
My heart and dreams sail with thee on the boat.
No longer now to bear the dimming sight,
Footsteps retrace, and brow with pensive thought,
Trudge back to darkness, where there once was light,
To seek a thing, that now could not be sought.
To dream, and visualise thine golden eyes,
Set in a frame of sunlit tresses fair,

To seek address in sleep, receive replies,
 And soothe the solace of a wild despair.
 To muse once more upon a vanished smile,
 Sculptured by lips, the rose-pink flush of which,
 Has scared the mem'ry with its haunting guile,
 And left a gilded picture warm and rich—
 Yet further and away the vessel glides,
 With thee and all thine sweetness much combined,
 Across blue waters gently rocked by tides,
 Where Bosphorus and Golden Horn are lined.
 The sea of great Marmora's stately swing,
 Not far from Turkey's strand of picturesque scene,
 With luring arms its own enchantments bring,
 Whilst slumb'rous lies Istambul in between—
 Now anchored in a far off distant shore,
 Blithe is the step that treads thine native earth,
 And that same bosom holds thee evermore,
 Thine noble land of heritage and birth.
 And thou'lt hear the Muezzin call to prayer,
 Five times a day, from some fair sacred spire,
 And with the faithful curtained over there,
 Worship 'neath domes, once called as Saint Sophia.
 I'll leave thee, in those holy precincts rare,
 Untarnished as the mountain flow'r that sways,
 With thoughts sincere, that dotes on thee with care,
 And love a guiding star, to light our ways! '

FOR YOU

A golden world before me lies,
 Moonbeams are pouring from the skies,
 A perfect night and all that's true,
 A fairyland for you.

* *

*

For you alone this melody,
 Sweetheart if you but knew,
 What inspiration guided me,
 To make this song for you.
 My world of dreams lay in your eyes,
 Where visions softly grew,
 To form their own magnetic skies,
 And hold its love for you.

* *

*

On either side the hills are seen,
 A cool lagoon lies in between,
 Just you and I to grace the view,
 A paradise for two.

(*Musical Rights Reserved*)

By courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India"
 10th May 1936.

TO MY TYPIST

Your first attempt to type my rhyme,
Portrayed a scene of turmoil great,
You made mistakes from time to time,
And thus the rhymster had to wait.
No fault of yours,—I'll still defend,
You are an expert in this line,
And always shall be to the end,
With aptitudes all superfine.
The best of us must err some day,
Superfitness is not our trait,
The world's great pathway bends that way,
And man's intelligence not straight.
Yet somehow it was pleasing too,
To sit beside your seat and see,
Your nimble fingers as they flew,
Across the board from key to key.
And this not all,—your charming style,
Of sweet address, and gracious mien,
Held me enthralled just all the while,
Like some fair dream that might-have-been.
If other maids were half as nice,
Whilst executing duty's spell,
Their work would be like yours concise,
My lady typist D. K. L.
And now I'll bid adieu to thee,
Till next we meet with other rhymes,
Which you will type most carefully,
To suit the universal Times.

MARJORIE

The angels kissed her lips and hair,
And said "She is the fairest fair
Of maidens 'neath the pale-blue skies,"
And smiled into her pure-lit eyes.
And each in turn passed their decree,
And christened her with Marjorie.

And when romance began to dawn,
As years sped by, and childhood gone,
An artist first beheld her grace,
Of loveliness, and beauteous face,
Her starlit eyes framed in a smile,
He sat and pondered for a while,
And then decided it should be,
This song entitled Marjorie.

The angels caught the sun-set glare,
And tinged its colour in her hair,
And from the distant blue-black skies,
They brought the star-dust to her eyes,
Then opened heaven with their key,
And thus to earth came Marjorie !

(Musical Rights Reserved)

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT

At last my love, you've come to me,
I charmed you from a faithless race,
Across the sands of destiny,
And drew your footsteps to this place—
I've waited, ah ! these many years,
Around this pyramidal pile,
With burning eyes bedimmed with tears,
I've watched for you beside the Nile !

My kingdom holds no sighs for thee,
For all are pure, and chaste, and fair,
And man shall live eternally,
Who breathes this perfumed desert air—
No more your poor sad heart will ache,
Our union God alone will bless,
And give me strength your life to make,
A paradise of happiness !

•

TO MRS. SAROJINI NAIDU

Hail ! poetess, queen of the magic East,
 Whose silvern verse, the jewelled pen released,
 In eloquence, from inspiration's fount,
 To soar in beauteous strains on phantom mount.
 And in ascendancy its purest tones,
 Awoke the angels in their hallowed zones,
 Who smiled in dreamy approbation rare,
 To hear the dulcet echoes on the air.
 The gentle sway, the richness of the chime,
 The idolised liquidity sublime,
 Rose up in waves like some grand organ chord,
 To please these crowned ambassadors of God.
 Thus heaven welcomed this new language poured,
 Full sentimentalised, which earth adored.

DEJECTED

And now that all mine enemies have spoken,
 In jealous accents striking to defame,
 And crucify a life that lies half-broken,
 Endeavouring thro' dust to trail a name—
 Know then, that now a great crusade has started,
 Against the homeless wand'rer passing by,
 With drooping head, and ah ! so heavy-hearted,
 And lips compressed that utters no reply—
 This silence stings to merciless rebellion,
 Provoking hate in hearts of coward men,
 Who seek to sway the world with wild opinion,
 By cruel lies, and critiques from their pen !

PREJUDICE

Oh ! frozen sneer on a twisted lip,
 Oh ! eyes with mocking disdain,
 Ah ! words with a hiss of a lashing whip,
 Poison-tipped, ugly, profane !
 From a palace of glass, each insult hurled,
 At one who controlled a reply,
 And silently bore the slanders unfurled,
 With its breath of a living lie !
 So goodness is crushed where e'er you be,
 Uprooting all actions sublime,
 By scoffers who reign eternally,
 Bending the ladder you climb.

THE POET'S JEREMIAD

Lift me from out this barren darkness bound,
 Where blunt congested brains so oft' are found,
 Show me the source where streams the holier light,
 And flash its ray on this discordant night—
 Remould this soul, O ! muse, to understand,
 And seek the Lord from mine own native land.
 Unveil the cosmos, teach me how to pray,
 And cleanse this wearied heart to purer clay.
 Speak but to me, such hopes as words can tell,

And guide me from these burning gates of hell.
 With gilded speech melodiously caress,
 The furrows from a life of past distress.
 Grant me the time, yea, time to prove to you,
 From ashes old, life springs but now anew !
 With fervent pray'r, and sweeter resolution,
 I'll bow before the grander absolution.
 Faith, trust, is mine, if you'll believe in me,
 We'll reach the shores of our own destiny.
 'Twas fate's decree, and heaven sent the sign,
 That led me to this musing land o' mine.
 Truth is a balm, which soothes when once confess'd,
 And by its tone, the blessed become unblessed—
 Cut deep O! world, slang on with words unkind,
 You'll fail to change sweet inspiration's mind.
 Its heart is staunch 'gainst every poison'd tense,
 And thus we stand, muse kiss'd by common-sense ;
 I've guarded it against your devil's rule,
 And ripp'd the dogma veil from cynic school,
 Where idle tongues with blund'ring words misplace,
 To sneer at me who carves their own disgrace—
 Yet many dare their gibes on it confer,
 To singe its wings in public literature,
 And hurl their caustic phrase at thoughts high-flown,

Propelled along by this poor pen alone—
 What care I, if the vulgar bruise my brain,
 But let them stigmatise in art's refrain,
 So that this humble poor untutor'd I,
 Can choke their grunt and bray with some reply—
 This self-same thing which cynics cast aside,
 Is washed ashore like flotsam from the tide;
 Whose verse the press once stung with mute comment,
 But failed to hush this voice from banishment,
 Which floated on along its flowered path,
 To seek Bob Southey, and Rabindranath—
 Lo ! it be true, an hundred maidens fair,
 Have curtsied low, and kissed the poet's hair,
 And oft in games, when punster's wit began,
 They praised the devil in the boyish man,
 And whispered eloquence in various ways,
 All now are dreams of those forgotten days,
 Then metaphors lived on, all else was dead,
 The happiness of heart to soul was wed—
 But realism steered its course my way,
 Reflected now in this my mournful lay—
 Alas ! ah me, what anguished years have swept,
 O'er this frail life, yet I have stood and wept,
 Wept o'er a fashion'd cross of dastard's leers,

With drooping eyes, and consecrated tears.
 And thus I died, but died to live again,
 And mock the merciless with my refrain.
 Who dared to lacerate that sadd'ned line.
 Now cynic sage, behold ! the turn is mine.
 An error true, that you alone could cry,
 Slang phraseology—but so can I !
 You've failed to wreck my ship in poetry bay,
 The storm abates, the wind must have its play.
 So poetasters ! You who act a part,
 In desecrating this immortal art,
 By scribbling metre, be it right or wrong,
 With cob-webbed reason, and a futile song.
 Who string each bead by some voluptuous lay,
 In trying to contemplate Shakesperic sway,
 Or win a laurel with discorded chime,
 I'd lose the crown, but let my verse be rhyme ——
 Yet men applaud when shown the vulgar light,
 Which some degen'rate poets often write,
 Whose calibre in saw-dust thoughts do scheme,
 By dabbling in Sir Comic's wildest theme,
 With mental outlook, thinking dreams outshine,
 Convert the goddesses to female swine—
 Whilst others colourise from Windsor's dames,

Or plagiarise the words of James Fitz James,
 And thus the plot is laid by swell'd-head swot,
 Just half of Shakespere, half of Walter Scott—
 Behold ! the tables turn, look well O ! seer,
 Gaze long O Cynic, at reflection's sneer,
 Mark how the line of lip contorted grows,
 And list to how your damaged language flows.
 Think you it well to snap the bard's young pen,
 And plant rebellion in the minds of men,
 To scathe in drunken babble some poor name,
 That would perhaps have risen then to fame ?
 For by thy wagging sting of poisoned tongue,
 Ground down a sod, where goodness might have sprung,
 And shattered every hope with wild debate,
 And swayed faint hearts with prejudice and hate.
 Cease vapourings, curb well that passion's gloat,
 And hearken to your own sad funeral note—
 And now Lord Critic, scribbling turns to thee,
 As other pens will turn eternally.
 Thy placid countenance and frigid thought,
 Have crippled songsters with ungenerous sport,
 Flung wide thy cruel critiques near and far,
 And brought the poet's loftiness to par ;
 And e'en when laurel leaves have crown'd their brow,

The curse of critic born, fulfills its vow;
 As grasping claws of jealousy profane,
 Tear down a writer, by some act insane,
 Or seek to persecute the deathless brave,
 Bringing dishonour on a silent grave.
 Whose hand is stilled in its reply to thee,
 Peace to the soul——wilt thou not learn from me ?
 With tend'rer care, restraining the broken lyre,
 And strike opinion's note with less satire.
 Let wisdom reign, to teach thee how to bark,
 And think twice ere thou makest one remark—
 Thus all comments are dar'd, and analysed,
 The critic god in turn is criticised !
 An eye, 'tis for an eye, one knows the test,
 Hush ! be my pen, these warriors need a rest !

REGRETS

(The Voice Of The Absintheur)

I am tired of waiting, waiting,
 Just waiting for what, God knows ?
 Were I conscious of half I'm stating,
 Ere fumes of this liqueur rose ;
 I'd regret, and I'd never mention,
 Certain things that passed me by,
 But the absinthe has gained attention.
 It's forcing me to reply—
 It's a luring way with this goddess.

Sweet with her aniseed breath,
And her mad-drugging mode of caress,
Which ends in a dreamy death.
I trusted the sweetest of women,
I thought she was good and pure,
And the cup of my life was brimmin'
In those good old days of yore—
I once tasted passionate kisses,
From those love-sealed lips alone,
She, the choicest of misses,
And she whispered that I was her own—
Just a pause,——whilst I quaff this nectar,
Which soothes down my tortured brain,
And to hell with sermons and rector,
I've nothing on earth to gain—
But just list to my tragic story,
I spoke, ah ! yes, of this maid.
Her eyes were the depths of her glory,
Like pools of a liquid jade.
And her hair, like Venus at morning,
With the sunlight streaming thro',
Cloaked her form like a golden awning,
For I was the one that knew !
And her profile a blossom bending,

Her figure the swaying stalk,
These two were the things that were blending,
With tread of her airy walk.
Was a fool more honest than I was,
As now that I bear the sting ?
Like other men I should have been, 'cause,
I then would have had my fling ;
Drank deep, as I'm drinking this potion,
Laughed loud at the mis'ry wrought,
Just careless and free void emotion,
A lesson would have been taught—
But no ! I remained thus untarnished,
The gentleman's trait to be,
Had I stooped to an act unvarnished,
What would have happened to me ?
My conscience was free——but she drifted,
Far, far, down the depths of hell,
But wormwood and poetry have lifted,
Me, to where no one can tell.
I admit I am slowly sinking,
Sinking with honour and fame,
And that is the reason I'm drinking,
Absinthe, to somebody's name !
The reason for this gentle reader,

Is when the war-bugle blew,
I said when 'twas over, I'd lead her,
To realms honeyed and new.
And she swore by the life eternal,
That she would be true to me,
And she uttered such oaths infernal,
Declaring her constancy.
And thus, as decreed, we were parted,
Lo ! I had tasted the gall,
With stiff upper lip, not down-hearted,
Like those who answered the call!
And I left her that evening sobbing,
The last of a wild despair,
Whilst the hand of cursed fate was robbing,
Me, of the fairest of fair—
And now it was Africa calling,
And I was far out at sea,
Whilst the curtain of life was falling,
On some unknown destiny—
'Twas the field of carnage that stretches,
And I was battling my way,
'Mongst those poor wounded dying wretches,
On that fatal sixteenth day.
Oh ! why was my great God unminded,

A bullet my life to end,
But somehow no one Him reminded,
That missile of death to send.
I'd have died with my heart-blood streaming,
So happy with sweet content,
Breathed my last in a pleasant dreaming,
On that shot-scarred firmament.
But the whining bullets were mocking,
Selecting their chosen mark,
And round me the world seemed arocking,
Leaving me mad, staring, stark.
It was unkind to make me suffer,
Long years with this crown of thorns,
Thro' life that grows rougher and rougher,
Till the grave its welcome yawns.
The word love is now lost forever,
It died at the hour of three,
Its return to earth will be never,
Its farewell was Calvary.
To leave the great world's money-market,
A turmoil of vile pretence,
Where the purchase of love could be met,
With pounds, and shillings, and pence—
Now the days of battle are over,

And I must return once more,
A jubilant happy young rover,
With thoughts of my native shore.
Ah ! yes, she'd be surely awaiting,
Did not her letters say so ?
In my mind I kept on debating,
The faithfulness of my beau.
I imagined the joy and greeting,
Its wonderful ecstasy,
When the time came for that great meeting,
Taking place 'twixt her and me—
But I waited, waited, and waited ;
The same as I'm waiting now.
And that is the reason I've hated,
Women tinged with shallow'd vow !
What of her ? Just the old old story,
Desertion ! —too kind a name !
She was worse, in throes of inglory,
Than Magdalene of ill-fame.
And why ? It was money that lured her,
She nailed me as sacrifice,
'Twas mammon that made her a brooder,
And sank her to depths of vice.

Did she marry ? She never married,
 Church bells tolled no wedlock knell,
 And all thro' those years I have tarried,
 Just circling the brink of hell —
 Will I fall in that pit inferno ?
 Yes ! if Christ's birth proves a lie,
 But the truth has revealed it not so,
 God hears a sufferer's cry !
 Her guardian a coward incarnate,
 Stayed at home whilst war-shells fell,
 Just a low cad of forty-fifth-rate,
 Who shattered her life as well —
 I laugh as I'm sitting here drinking,
 Her name on satanic's roll,
 And I smile in a drunken thinking,
 How Lucifer took his toll—
 For she slipped to the lowest level,
 By things, my pen dare not write,
 She's dancing for e'er with the devil,
 Be it morning, noon, or night ! —
 Who cares if the world keeps on sneering,
 And slanging my drunken name,
 Who dare cast a stone with a leering,

When they are covered with shame —
O! men, and O! women of virtue,
You're hypocrites all within,
I'm a thousand times better than you,
Because I've confessed my sin.
I don't go around telling people,
I am a paragon true,
As good as a mother-church steeple,
Thank God, I am not like you!
I've studied your ways of expression,
Your modes of living and sham,
In my eyes you're a sore depression,
To blazes with you,——and damn.
Some men deceive women forever,
But who is really to blame?
Some women who think themselves clever,
Playing e'er their deceitful game!
Those women have poisoned creation,
I'm holding no brief for man,
They think it a joy and elation,
Like Eve since the world began—
I confess I'm intoxicated,
Miss absinthe's my sweetheart's name,
She loves me, and I am elated,

I'll be faithful to her just the same.
She and I have had our romances,
To her is my pledge for life,
I wouldn't change her for best chances,
Nor for the prettiest wife.
I've tasted her much flavoured kisses,
I've held her form in my arms,
And she's drugged me with tend'rest blisses,
Whilst sipping her soul of charms.
At her feet in my adoration,
I've bowed my poor weary head,
When time comes for reincarnation,
She'll clasp me back from the dead —
Thus the simple facts are related,
A warning to all beware !
Don't trust every maiden post-dated,
And fall in this self-same snare.

•

IF YOU WANT ME

WHEN some other eyes,
And some other voice,
Took you by surprise,
Made you change your choice.

If you want me, you will find me
Where the moonlit waters meet.
If you want me, I shall still be
Waiting in that same retreat.
If you seek me, when you're lonely,
And the world looks empty too,
You will find that my heart only
Is the heart that still loves you.

When I saw you smile,
At what he had said,
I was sad the while,
You were just misled.

(Musical Rights Reserved)

By courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India"
13th December 1936.

H.M. CUSTOMS' EASTER DANCE MONDAY 18TH APRIL 1935.

Our Easter dance has now begun, with haunting melodies,
 To bring us back to days that were, brimful of memories.
 So let us join our hands and hearts, in bounding sheer delight,
 And make this festive evening melt into an epic night.
 The stage with silv'ry blue is set, enthroned with coloured glow,
 Like softest arms the necklace lights, are gleaming in a row.
 The robes and modes of ladies fair, are sparkling here and there,
 And joyful happy laughter seems to echo everywhere.
 Like Harrow's song, 'Forty Years On', true friends can never sev'r,
 Tho' modern stride has changed the frock, our maids are sweet as ev'r.
 But not complete, the moon above, has yet to make a rise,
 And fling her argent mantle, far across the velvet skies.
 So let each waltz, and foxtrot lilt, enchant you with its thrall,
 Be all care-free, enjoy yourselves, you're at the Customs' ball.
 Drink deep like Omar of the wine, and then of course ahem !
 The programme says three thirty, but we know that's six A.M !

THE UNIVERSAL LESSON

Speak not against a man who strives,
 To check the common sin,
 But draw the curtain of your lives,
 And see what lies therein !

ON CHARLES E. VIVIAN'S "STAR DUST"

To Anne

Love's perfect dream, who never lied,
 Like 'Star Dust', came from Anne,
 Who sought, and found, and glorified,
 The genius born in Man !

ON CHARLES E. VIVIAN'S "STAR DUST"

To Ferrers

Oh ! solitude of power and might,
 Oh ! life without a murmur,
 Whose science failed the infinite,
 But conquered terra firma !
 Behold the dazzling " meteorite "
 (A poet's phrase to term her)
 Joins now thine luminary height,
 One flame to burn the firmer !

TO A PAINTING

Fair maid dream on, but not too much,
 Lest dreaming brings its sorrow's touch,
 I too have thought that love was true,
 And gazed and pondered just like you !

TO M.O.M.

(*After A Lapse Of Many Years*)

I don't even know if you're close or far,
 I don't even know just where you are ?
 But if you are not, Ah ! what will I do
 Just hold a remembrance once part of you !

WRITTEN ON A PHOTOGRAPH

(*10th October 1927*)

And may the days that are to be,
 Grow perfumed and divine,
 Blossom in sweet tranquillity,
 Since first God made you mine.

AFTER WINNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP FOR
 SHOOTING 1930

Rest thou O Cup ! where mem'ries sweet entwine,
 To make me part of thee, and thou o' mine.
 Caressed by many maids whose lips were fair,
 To sip the golden bev'rage ling'ring there.
 Thus shalt thou stand, a symbol of that day,
 Just dreams of things which never fade away.

AFTER RECEIVING A LOCK OF HAIR FROM A GIRL

Just a rippling ray of sunbeams,
 Flecked with motes of amber hue,
 Tinged with fascinating love-dreams,
 Which was once a part of you !
 Just a flashing gold reflection,
 Steeped in shades of constancy,
 Bathed in pure and sweet affection,
 Bringing Mary back to me !

WRITTEN ON A CALENDAR

Above the scented green arcades,
 'Neath Spanish skies of filigree,
 The light of myriad purple shades,
 Are falling tenderly !
 But when that dark reflection fades,
 To mingle with the blue-black sea,
 The sculptur'd soul of nocturne's glades,
 Is this elusive she !

BEFRIENDED

In this world my search was weary,
 Yet I never never found,
 One who spoke with words so cheery,
 And a wisdom so profound !

To P. O'N.

If grey-green eyes were always true—
 I'd give my heart alone to you—
 And if this world with love-light shine—
 I'd pledge my life with that o' thine—
 P. O'N's name would be my claim—
 And great indeed would be my aim—
 With inspiration I would soar—
 To win her favour evermore !

CONSOLATION

Farewell to those visions of roseate gladness,
 By the water's cool edge whilst standing alone,
 On the brow of thy crags in the depths of sadness,
 The sob of my passion was lost in thine own—
 Thro' a veil of soft tears, my wearied gaze drifted,
 Beyond where the crash of thy mountain waves sweep,
 And lo ! 'twas a harmony slowly uplifted,
 That sprung from the billows that fondle thy deep.
 The echo whilst floating, sped o'er thy grey patches,
 On, on, towards me, with its pathos and sigh,
 And spoke in a language of eloquent splashes,
 Whilst the moon in a silver ether swam by.

"Dry thy tears", spoke the lips of the foaming ocean,
 "Weep not for love, that has cast thee aside,
 Come stretch forth thy hand, and sip of my potion,
 Of laughter and music that ride on my tide—
 My organs resound list to melodies purling,
 By mermaids who finger the shell-clustered keys,
 Swaying in a rhythm, with pale scarves unfurling,
 Till choirs of voices arise from my seas.
 Let the whisper of zephyrs wind round you wheeling,
 To banish thy sorrow, bring smiles thro' thy tears,
 Let the voice from my bosom of mystical healing,
 With its magic of soothing, calm down thy fears."

TO SLANDERERS

No matter if they gibe at you—
 No matter what they say—
 The day will come when they will rue—
 Each dog must have its day !

TRUTH

If shade between the truth and doubt,
 Hangs like a goss'mer veil—
 Compress the lips and turn about,
 And end a tragic tale—
 For should one single word be breathed,
 To falsify or stain—
 An innocent with shame enwreathed,
 Will bear the brand of Cain !

WRITTEN ON A CHRISTMAS CARD (TO A FRIEND)

Take thou this humble token
Of words sincere and true,
With chain of thoughts unbroken,
In memory of you !

TO THE PRIZE WINNER. . . . *Western India Beauty Competition.*

Fair Pompadour well done,
Accept this verse o' mine,
I see that you have won,
In Nineteen Twenty Nine—
From Western India's best,
All had their chance to score,
But you surpassed the rest,
So here's to Pompadour !

TO A GIRL AFTER HAVING A SLIGHT DISPUTE (G.G.)

Goodbye, tongue-tied ? Alas ! oh no ! I gave my promise true,
And kept my word, I hope you're pleased, with what I've sent to you.
You asked for art, and art I gave, as scribblings were unfurled,
I want no thanks, there are no thanks, in all this wide wide world.
Are there some more ? of course there are ! what need it be to ask !
It's just a gift, so full of woe, that has its own sweet task—
Now since you've read the rhymes I wrote, one favour grant to me,
Take all my writings as they are, and cast them in the sea.
Or if this thing you cannot do, just strike a match alight,
And let the manuscripts burn on, to leave the ash in sight.
It's dead-sea-fruit, you know the rest, so please do not reply,
Good luck ! prosperity, here's health ! with kind regards goodbye !

WRITTEN ON THE LEAF OF A PRESENTATION PRAYER BOOK

Take thou this humble gift o' mine,
 'Tis like the widow's mite,
 Its wisdom other scripts outshine,
 To make the heart contrite—
 When voicing all its ardent pray'r,
 Reflect on sayings seven,
 Which wrought the tattered soul's repair,
 And turned the key of heav'n.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS. (TO M.O.M.)

I'll blow this kiss from a coral strand,
 Over sapphirine waters to say,
 " Sweet fair southern maid in Ireland,
 Many happy returns of the day."

Written by request of a little red-haired miss, desirous of broadcasting to her friends, after an absence of some days. Broadcasted to young folks during the children's hour.

Hello ! everybody ! J. R. once again,
 My absence I hope, has not caused you much pain.
 One month is a long time, but what could I do ?
 There were lessons, music, and other things too !
 Aunt Hilda has written a sweet little card,

Expressing for me, her most deepest regard.
 If I stay away just one single day more,
 Her tears will form pools on the studio-floor,
 And make it so damp, and so awfully cold,
 If I don't return to her much-beloved fold ;
 So mummy and daddy said, "Now don't delay,
 The children must hear you on this Wednesday."
 I hope all the boys, and the little girls too,
 Are pleased with these lines I've broadcasted to you.
 Think kindly of me, as I'm thinking of you,
 And for the time being I must wish you adieu !

TO A GIRL IN AFRICA....O.M.

Whatever were my faults in times gone by,
 You did condone them each, O perfect one,
 So now I must give you a just reply,
 And thank you for the finest thing you've done !
 In all the length and breadth of Afric's strand,
 I know one light that always shines for me.
 No matter if I be in some far land,
 Across a thousand miles of tossing sea—
 You told me once, that you would ne'er forget,
 Your wayward wand'rer in the years that be,
 And I have known it since the day we met,
 You've somehow had the greatest faith in me.

TO M——

(After a request for an eulogy)

May this lilt of my rhyme, reach your heart's desire,
 And kindle our bond with such words that inspire—
 As a friend of my friend, I know you to be,
 But a friend of my friend, is as dear to me—
 Whilst your surname portrays a blossom that's fair,
 I picture the hue of your eyes and your hair—
 Those orbs that resemble a pale liquid brown,
 Are set in a profile so rare and renown—
 And tresses that flow with a soft chestnut tinge,
 Upcurl into ringlets that form beauty's fringe—
 Whilst lips are reflection of Venus's smile,
 Touched by divine craftsmen, that linger awhile—
 And your tone far sweeter, no author can tell,
 In prose or in poetics, fair Muriel !

WRITTEN ON A TOMBSTONE (BY REQUEST)

'Twas the Voice of Jesus calling,
 Come ye wearied soul to rest,
 Lo ! earth's veil of life is falling,
 I will give thee thy conquest—
 Enter thou My home of glory,
 Where the lights of heaven stand,
 Scriptures have fulfilled their story,
 'Tis My Father's promised land !

INSERTED IN A MEMORIAM

In the wake of a perfumed memory
 Thy sweetest deeds shall stand,
 To be echoed in that eternity.
 Where God will understand !

GRETA

What fairer name than Greta rings !
 What scented train of thought it brings !
 What inspirations great !
 What perfect lips divinely sweet !
 What eyes wherem pale shadows meet !
 Dare I but now relate —
 What perfumed hair in waving style !
 What sweet enchantment in that smile !
 Let Greta answer this —
 Knew I, 'twas written in my fate,
 One day she'd surely compensate,
 This scribbl'r with a kiss !

TO A SILENT POET

(Lest He Grows Gloomier)

Rise Warbler once the bard of old,
 Attune thy broken lyre,
 And broider verse in poesy gold,
 Thy readers to inspire !
 Drift not away, the gift is thine,
 To fondle and caress,
 So chant thy variegated rhyme,
 To souls in sore distress—
 Despondency, and such, withhold,
 Lift once again thy pen,
 Embrace the muse, and thus remould,
 The hearts of fellow-men.
 Art too can spring, with love's refrain,
 From Lands of Revenue,
 This scribbling critic will maintain,
 That rhythm's up to you !
 O ! sonneteer of hydrant's stream,
 Who spake the Bengal name,
 Write on whilst poeticules dream,
 Of their dismantled fame—
 Let now your lilt in epic shine,

With perfumed hymnody,
 Conjured in purer strains than mine,
 By prose or poetry.
 Once inspiration held its sway,
 With one of lowly rank,
 And rocked his cradle in Bombay,
 Upon a coral bank.
 Each rock disturbed socratic brain,
 The babe soon overfell,
 And bump'd the flooring of disdain,
 The critics heard the yell !
 Let it be said artistry lives,
 Matured by H. M. C.,
 Enamelled by the hand that gives,
 It fragrant filigree—
 Hear thou this humble voice of mine,
 Submit thy poems soon,
 Prop up the magazines' decline,
 O ! poet of Rangoon !

GREEN EYES (TO———)

Romance has held me in her sway,
And everything is Oh ! so gay,
My heart is throbbing with delight,
For I at last have found lovelight.

Green Eyes, I'd swing to the heavens with you,
Green Eyes, I'd be true as the skies are blue,
I would forsake everything I hold dear,
The world and its pleasures, to have you near,
We would sweep o'er the highest of sunbeams,
And we'd kiss in that halo of love-dreams,
I would worship you ever and ever,
And the fading of love would be never.
There'd be no more woes, there'd be no more sighs,
My kingdom of joy, would be you, Green Eyes !

When you and I, are dead and gone,
Our faithfulness will linger on,
Both spirits will unite on high,
Love such as ours can never die.

(Musical Rights Reserved)

TO A PICTURE

By the waterfall of wonder,
 'Neath the cliffs that tower'd high,
 Mused a squaw, a maiden gentle,
 As the gurgling stream raced by.
 Perched upon a rock projecting,
 With a pink foot dangling near,
 Washed by rapid racing blueness,
 Sitting thus without a fear.

ON A BIRTHDAY CARD (To M. O. M.)

God bless a little you—
 A prayer from little me—
 Farewell to twenty two—
 Long life to twenty three!

WRITTEN ON A CHRISTMAS CARD

Thus let my thoughts with thee abide—
 As greetings will convey—
 Embracing bonds of friendship wide—
 Upon this Yuletide day—
 And may your memories entwine—
 To blossom evermore—
 Welding your heart with that o' mine—
 As in the days of yore!

REQUESTED BY A FRIEND TO WRITE AFTER THE DEATH
OF HIS MOTHER

When you left us darling mother,
God sent His message true,
And we'll never find another,
So pure and good as you—
We are weeping, broken-hearted,
But some day we shall meet,
In a place we'll ne'er be parted,
The place of Christ's retreat.

WRITTEN ON A WAREHOUSE DOOR ON THE EVE OF
TRANSFER

Dear friend who now but take my place,
In chair responsibility—
Wield thou the pen with careful grace,
Yours is respectability—
Great men have gone, yet others came,
To work its problems with a smile,
Thus Prince's Dock has gained its name,
That stands for countless years awhile.

WRITTEN ON A WAREHOUSE DOOR ON THE EVE OF TRANSFER

'Tis six o'clock ah ! gladsome hour.
 That tolled its peal from dockland's tower.
 Ink, pen, away, all work complete,
 Seek I some solace and retreat.
 Thus wend a way, the Club's quite near,
 And quaff Blue Mountains with good cheer.
 Aromas from dark liquid red,
 Soon sway the foolish writer's head.
 Which terminates on floor or bed ?

TO B. J. H. S.

(*The Author Of Indian Love Lyrics And Other Poems*)

I'll admit I was young, when you published your book,
 But now that you've sent it to me,
 I have studied your poesy, with more than a look,
 And this is the final decree.
 From amongst your collection, "Life's Pathway", was best,
 The others of course were sublime,
 And your subjects selected, have all stood the test,
 Including madrigals and rhyme.
 And so be of good cheer, be contented what's said,
 The praise that's afforded to thee,
 For I know you will smile, when these lines you have read,
 When smiling, think kindly of me.

RED

(With Apologies To The Red Magazine)

'Neath berry-trees of Hindustan,

Ruby in cherry sat.

Her dress was of the simplest yarn.

That matched a carmine hat.

A scarlet ribbon held her hair.

Her stockings blushed their hue,

In dainty shoes a perfect pair.

And they were crimson too !

The sun had touched a rim of sea,

The clouds were all aflame,

A Magazine in harmony.

Its colour was the same.

She closed the book, with gentle sigh

The sky glowed overhead,

A rosy dragon-fly flew by,

And thus the 'Red' was read !

PUBLICITY

Why does the world prefer to eat,
 A hen's egg, when a duck,
 Can equally perform the feat,
 And have the self-same luck ?
 Because all ducks are silent birds,
 Whilst hens proclaim their prize.
 And keep on singing to the words,
 " It pays to advertise! "

POETIC PERSISTENCE

Once there was an Editor,
 Who refused my verse,
 He was like a creditor,
 I was something worse.
 So I racked my little brain,
 Wondered what was due,
 Tried, and tried, and tried again,
 Suddenly I knew!
 Wrote some funny stuff like this.
 Left it to his views,
 Whether it would catch or miss,
 The Illustrated News !

By Courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India"
4th August 1940.

BEWILDERMENT

I wrote about the shimm'ring sea,
 'The mighty "Times" would not agree—
 I then described a charming dame,
 And yet they would not play the game—
 I sketched the placid heavens fair,
 They scrapped the lot to my despair—
 I scribbled romance 'bout a gal,
 They said 'twas not original—
 What subject now I tried to guess,
 Would solve the riddle of the press?

THE AGA KHAN HOCKEY TOURNAMENT 1936

Three years of great succession, and once more we now affix
 Your fair name upon the trophy, in Nineteen Thirty Six.
 Near quarter century ago, the Cheshires held their sway,
 And won the self-same glory, with which you're crowned to-day
 Thus this acid-test proclaims you, the best and the supreme,
 With 'Bombay Customs' blazoned on the bound'ry of extreme
 Far back as Nineteen Twenty Nine, to this great epic year,
 Your record stands before the world, white shining crystal clear
 Five times you've won the contest, five times home came the cheer
 Just once, hard lines my heroes, you were the Runners Up
 Across the hockey fields of Ind, you wrote the word career,

And won the golden chalice of H. H. of Gwalior.
 Another gold reward was reaped, in this fair Hindustan,
 The souvenir in mem'ry of Gen. Obaidulla Khan.
 Misfortunes due to obstacles, defeat, a black-edged day,
 No shame for you,——no credit for the Bengal N. Railway.
 Let us forget this episode, that year in the Beighton,
 Your handicap was proof enough, the game by them was won.
 But doggedness, and strength of heart, and courage fought their way,
 To make you Bengal's victors, on the second day in May,
 The Empire was list'ning in, to hear if you'd succeed,
 At last the news was flashed across, our boys had done the deed.
 And who can dare dispute the fact, the proof is now unfurled,
 Who cares for public voicings——You're the champions of the world!

BABY

What is the value of riches,
 And what is the price of gold ?
 It is hard to select which is,
 The costliest thing to hold ?
 But something surpasses riches,
 And better than gold may be,
 An uncomparred treasure which is,
 The smile of a sweet baby !

TO THE MEMORY OF

The Loss Of The Lusitania 7th May 1915.

O Germany! recall to mind, what you have done this day,
 Your curséd tribes have sunk her, on the seventh day of May.
 What answer can you give to all those tear-stain'd mothers there,
 You heartless band of blood-drenched vipers, who seem not to care.
 Lusitania! we e'er will mourn, your loss to us is dear,
 We swear to crush the murderers, for Britons have no fear.
 Fair England never will forget the dastard deed that's done,
 Thus forth we march to conquer, and annihilate the Hun.

Dear native land America, what will you have to say,
 When hearing that your countrymen went down on such a day!
 The Log-Books at the time clear showed, the weather to be fine,
 No storms abound, but overhead, the glor'ous sun did shine.
 So hush! thy bitter weeping, for those dear ones in the deep,
 The names of whom fair Christendom, will in their mem'ry keep.
 We will teach them now, and ever, the meaning true of war,
 When sinking perpetrators, in their own accurséd gore.

The world now horror-struck recoil, to hear of such a thing,
 Whilst bells of Christian churches, in honour of them ring.
 This supreme act of cowardice, let other nations see,
 How blood of noble women, splashed the flag of Germany !
 And the voice of little children, now lulled in placid sleep,
 A curse on every mast-head, as their warships plow the deep.
 For the muffled sob of infants, when battling with the sea,
 Will e'er haunt the Hohenzollern, throughout eternity.

Then Gabriel buckled on his sword, and like a silver star,
 Sailed thro' the thund'ring war-zone, till he reached the waters far,
 And gathering the innocent, in arms that spoke of love,
 He left the crashing mountain waves, to seek the peace above.
 Far past the rainbow's dwindling light, his step was firm and bold,
 He sought at last God's halo, round those burnished stairs of gold.
 The silver harps of heaven twanged, the golden bells were rung,
 The goss'mer veil was parted, where a million angels sung.

Now they see the golden throne-room, thronged with archangels
 bright,
 And that trembling band of martyrs, bowed low before His light.
 Then Christ embraced the victims, as He raised each downcast head,
 And with a Voice so pure and rich, He spoke and to them said :
 " Thy deed shall live forever, lo ! ye died for freedom's name,
 But the steamship Lusitania, shall stand for German shame,
 The remnants of their navy, shall be scattered far and wide,
 Till their repentance echoes loud, from every storm-wrecked side."

The mighty League of Nations, held a council all that night,
 Deciding on a method, which would put the Boche to flight.
 Thus the tank corps reaped a harvest, the Germans broke and fled,
 Leaving Lusitania written across their fields in red.
 And their fleet lay bruised and broken, upon an alien shore,
 A state of hideous pathos, it lay crippled evermore.
 And the universe resounded the Kaiser's funeral knell,
 Whilst a hand unseen scrawled Tirpitz, across the walls of hell !

COME OUT AND FIGHT

Come out and fight, ye that have boasted power,
 Meet British guns, brave contest in the skies.
 Not sneak upon the civic's slumb'ring bow'r,
 And glory in the death-throes of their cries.
 Come out and fight, our navy's éver waiting,
 The R. A. F. are guarding Freedom's Right,
 Are ye afraid, then why the hesitating ?
 Come forth and meet the flow'r of Albion's might—
 Come out and fight, not 'gainst Athenia sailing,
 Defenceless, with her women, children too,
 With screaming bombs, and agonising wailing,

On those who cannot raise their hand to you !
 Come out and fight, in mass-form or in relay,
 Machine-guns or with high-explosive shell,
 On land or sea, or in a cloudy causeway,
 And taste a sample of your self-made hell.
 Come out and fight, we'll spare your towns and women,
 Nor will we harm your little children too,
 Not like the ones who from their homes were driv'n,
 With anguish, tears, and sufferings wrought by you!

LEST WE FORGET

TO MICHAEL O'LEARY, V. C.

Michael O'Leary Ireland is calling,
 Come as soon as you can over here,
 Our arms are outstretched, tears of joy are falling,
 To welcome you back with a cheer !
 Someone is wanting you hour by hour,
 Watching the Irish Sea patient awhile,
 With eyes that are shining and never weary,
 Waiting to kiss you Michael O'Leary.
 The hero of Shamrock Isle !

Now that you've come to us Michael O'Leary,
With valour, and credit, and fame,
Our voices uplifted in praise of you dearie,
For giving the Irish a name!
We will always remember you ever and ever,
And our babes in their cradles will smile,
For they know that their homes will never be dreary,
Because you have honoured them Michael O'Leary,
The hero of Shamrock Isle!

Michael O'Leary your great name is sung,
In our prayers by the waning light,
Around mountain and lake its echo is flung,
Far into the lone silent night.
Your cross is our emblem blazing with grandeur,
Like a star gleaming many a mile,
At its sight we will shout with hearts that are cheery,
For the glory of God, and Michael O'Leary!
The hero of Shamrock Isle!

IN MEMORIAM ARMISTICE DAY 1937

To you ! how sweet the strains of those great words resound,
 To you ! always beloved where e'er our flag is found,
 Who with your brothers stood, and faced the greatest test,
 In Flanders poppied fields, to offer up your best.
 And that same courage showed, as every deed was done,
 Which held the Gates of Freedom, wide for everyone.
 We never shall forget your valour and your fame,
 Which gave to our own Empire its immortal name.
 And thus today we stand, in silence, and in prayer,
 To keep your mem'ry fragrant, here and everywhere !

By Courtesy of "The Evening News of India" 11th November 1937

ARMISTICE DAY 11th November, 1928.

Let Nations bow their heads, and a solemn silence reign,
 Let that 'Great Respect' be once again fulfilled,
 In honour of the heroes whose glory will remain,
 For the noble men of Empires who were killed.
 They sacrificed their life-blood to set the whole world free,
 And to keep the flag of freedom flying high,
 They staked their lives for justice, for cause of liberty,
 'Twas for right divine, they ventured out to die.
 So muffle every footstep in mem'ry of the dead,
 Let a prayer be breathed for those who lie at rest,
 And place a wreath of poppies, on every narrow bed,
 Sacred landmarks for our men who stood the test.

By Courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India" 11th November 1928

AN APPEAL

Lo! 'tis I who've given my life for thee,
There is only one way of repaying me,
You can help my cause with your mighty bit,
For we need all we can, each part of it.
My comrades have died on the fields of France,
Mortally wounded whilst taking their chance,
For the sake of Right, Freedom, Liberty,
They sacrificed all for a victory,
Facing the bomber, tank, bullet, and shell,
And shedding their life-blood on Flanders hell;
Maimed, broken, crippled, blind, tortured with pain,
Nerve-wracked, sick, swooning, and almost insane,
Caught in entanglements, deaf with the din,
Rocked with explosions from shots pouring in.
Thus for their sakes, won't you give all you can,
Aid in the fight for the birthright of man!
Pour forth your sympathies, let all hearts feel,
This Indian Red Cross War Relief Appeal!

PASSING MOMENTS

(Despondency)

Now Christmas-tide is on the wing,
With spirits rising free,
For everyone, there's everything,
But nothing's left for me !
As in a dream I hear the bells,
Proclaiming Xmas morn,
Each joyous peal outrings and tells,
The world that Christ was born.
There'll be the husbands with their wives,
Around their cherry-pie,
And Oh! the other happy lives,
Whilst I pass silent by.
The sweethearts will be whisp'ring low
The friends united be,
Beside the merry yule-tide glow,
What do they care for me !
But I shall find some lonely den,
Sit and soliloquise,
With paper and a friendly pen,
And saddened downcast eyes.

To write the poems that will bring,
Applause or discontent,
A handshake or a vicious sting,
Or total banishment.
I care not for the gibe or praise,
Once she alone did say,
Fair words in happy bygone days,
Which sanctified each lay.
For her alone, though dead, I write,
Bah! publication's flare,
On rhythmic wings, my soaring flight
Is made, 'cause love reigns there!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

When all the world was sore depressed,
And sadness held its thrall,
And each one to themselves confessed,
This is the end of all!
This sordid hemisphere is dull,
No happiness is here,
When thro' the gloom. and thro' the lull,
There came a voice of cheer!

For Shirley Temple made her bow,
And sang her songs renown,
And from that time, till this day now,
Mankind have lost their frown.
Her lilt has made children rejoice,
Old men to shed a tear,
Heart-broken mothers found their choice,
And hugged their mem'ries dear.

Shirley unconscious of her art,
Gave forth a wealth of song,
And took her great allotted part,
To help the world along.
Thus everybody wears a smile,
The universe is changed,
Gone is the once disgruntled style.
All things are rearranged.

(Musical Rights Reserved).

Juhu by the Sea

We're on our way to Juhu by the sea,
With hampers and our brand of Scotch whisky—
Why should our hearts be pining,
The mellow moon is shining,
And girlish laughter floating merrily.
'Tis kissing-time upon the golden sand,
With boom of waves like some romantic band,
Softer grows the maiden's eyes,
When a lover softly sighs,
'Neath the magic palms of rustling melody !

Dear Heart of Mine

High on the summit, the flowers were filling
Their petals with dew from the cool mountain air,
The birds were gathered, and some of them trilling,
About the romance of their shepherdess fair.
Whilst they were twitt'ring the queen of the morning,
Star Eyes, a maiden of sweet rustic mien,
Sang to her lover, the song of love's dawning,
Across the deep space of the rugged ravine.

Dear heart of mine, I love you only,
My love is tender and true,
All thro' the night the hours are lonely,
When I am away from you.
Dear heart of mine, my heart is aching.
Aching for you dear alone,
And like the dawn, love is awaking,
To call you forever its own.

Down on the lowland, the sheep were agrazing,
The shepherd was hearing the call of his love,
Whilst he was standing enraptured and gazing,
His eyes drifted up to the mountain above.
High on the summit, the song of love's dawning,
Swept like the voice of some angel's refrain,
Sung by his lover the queen of the morning,
Across the deep space it came floating again.

(Musical Rights Reserved)

By courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India"
16th August 1936

ALONE

You promised that you'd surely meet
Me in that quiet lone retreat,
I waited for your advent true,
Placing my faith and trust in you.

Alone, alone, and all bereft,
The world was stripped, and nothing left,
The western glow was dying away,
The sun-flecked sea was sombre-grey.
Alone, without a moon above,
No breath of hope, no word of love,
The clouds were dark as blackest hue,
Romance was absent,—so were you !

The moments dragged but slowly by,
I asked myself the question why
You changed your mind, or what befell
Your plans to meet ?—I cannot tell !

(Musical Rights Reserved)

VALSE RENDEZVOUS

'Twas you, and you, and only you,
That made me write valse Rendezvous
Your sweet and captivating smile,
Held me in bondage all the while.

Come dance with me in ecstasy,
Our lips will meet in time may be,
I'm always there, with music rare,
And you so fair, beyond compare—
The moon above, romance and love,
And everything just hand in gove,
With full delight, we'll waltz tonight,
Thro' moments bright, to dawning light

No time, no time ; time simply flies,
That was the message from your eyes.
The magic lamp was held by you,
And I, the slave, obedient true !

(Musical Rights Reserved)

LOVE WHAT IS THY WORTH ?

Let this be my song if all things fail,
Full of romance like a fairy-tale,
Luring you on with its cadence true,
Sweetheart of mine, I'm singing for you !

Love, what is thy worth, without my voice to thee ?
Let the skies and flowers just fade away,
And the sun not shine from day to day,
Let the full-moon lose its glam'rous light,
And the stars to form no part of night.
For I care not, only let me sing,
And lighten your soul with everything,
Love, what is thy worth, without a melody ?

With this magical lilt so tender,
You cannot help dear, but surrender,
A new world is yours, glor'ous serene,
And in its midst I'll crown you my queen.

(Musical Rights Reserved).

THE GARDEN OF EDEN VALSE

Away from worldly shams we'll be,
Living our lives in ecstasy,
With smiling, dreamy, lovelit eyes,
Held with a thousand joyous sighs.

Just one wild happiness both of us share,
Loving is all in that wonderland fair,
There'll be no sorrows, heart-breaks, tears, or woes,
We'll be content to have leaves for our clothes,
In that Garden of Eden with you !
Love everlasting between us is born,
Singing its carol from sunset to dawn,
With your lips on mine, warm soothing divine,
And birds, trees, and blossoms, our bound'ry line,
In that Garden of Eden for two.

The pale-blue skies will be our dome,
The moon a lantern for our home,
Whilst silence soothes the honey'd night,
With raptures of a wild delight !

(Musical Rights Reserved).

WHEN I MARRIED YOU

Now that we are married,
Now that we are one,
Love at last has tarried,
Life has just begun.

All the world is gladness,
Hearts are beating true,
Gone is every sadness,
When I married you.
Wedding bells are pealing,
Messages divine,
And their chimes are sealing,
Your sweet life to mine.

In the years that follow,
I will worship thee,
There will be no sorrow,
In life's melody.

(Musical Rights Reserved)

By Courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India"
20th September 1936.

IF I COULD

Your eyes have told me all I know,
Your life of sorrow. and of woe;
Forget the cares, forget the pain,
And listen to my love refrain.

If I could hold you in my arms,
And kiss your sad sweet lips,
If I could tell you of your charms,
Which holds my life's eclipse.
If I could only help you dear,
To smile your tears away,
You'd always find me waiting near,
To cheer you day by day.

You are unhappy I can see,
I know this for a certainty;
So trust me dear, give me a chance,
To teach you love, and true romance.

(*Musical Rights Reserved*)

YOU ASKED ABOUT ME WHEN I'D GONE

'Twas just by chance that you and I,
Were trav'ling by the self-same route,
How then could I have passed you by,
The tram-car was our only suite.

You asked about me when I'd gone,
I thought I was forgotten then,
Just left to drift, a thing forlorn,
A passing show 'mongst fellow-men.
You asked about me when I'd gone,
When I heard this, my heart stood still,
O'er life there broke a newer dawn,
My soul beheld it with a thrill.

I was so happy in those days,
Your presence there was fragrance sweet,
I trod romance's flowered ways,
And on the brink we two did meet.

(Musical Rights Reserved)

LIFE'S PICTURE BOOK

(Just A Tale)

"Without or with, offence to friends or foes,
 I sketch your world exactly as it goes."
 I bow to thee Lord Byron for this phrase,
 Accept my salutations and my praise.
 Must I not write applauding this your view,
 And vent my knowledge much the same as you ?
 Remember this George Gordon, in your day,
 The moulded ladies were of diff'rent clay.
 At least they were sincere in their affairs,
 Ardent in love, and tenderness in cares.
 If this was false, your fair Athenian maid,
 Would not have made a poet unafraid,
 Grafting her all, round your poetic throne,
 Sank in your arms, claiming your lips her own.
 And those exquisite hours she spent with thee,
 In amorous whisp'rings, and tranquillity,
 That then, was love my lord, the love that flew,
 On wings Byronic, borne along by you.
 But not so me, I live in pent up age,
 Where love diluted, rules this modern stage.
 Some women, poor misguided fools are led,

By others, using not their wit instead.
 Who are these serpents ? Well but may you ask,
 Just jealous creatures, failures in love's task.
 Intimidators, wrecking other lives,
 And by their mode, some solace then derives.
 Thus their poor victims, list'ning to their voice,
 Are then deprived of what was once their choice.
 These heart-thieves roam the corners of the world,
 And craftily their schemes are slow unfurled.
 Just how ? well now my pen will demonstrate,
 And place the facts in systematic state—
 For instance, there's a girl, let's call her A.
 Who loves somebody in her silent way,
 And that somebody, then reciprocates,
 In understanding hushed, in joy awaits.
 Yet topics are discussed between the two,
 'Bout this, and that, so forth, and how are you ?
 And sometimes there's a wave, and there's a smile,
 Whilst love lies burning latent, all the while.
 What love, great bard, could I but dare express,
 And tell you of a tearful heart's distress.
 That adoration seared the craving soul,
 Of him compelled to act this secret role,
 So much indeed. if he could only kiss,

Her trembling lips, in passion's throbbing bliss,
 And hold her to his heart for just a space,
 Inhale the perfumes of divinest grace,
 That linger faintly on her flutt'ring breath,
 He'd be prepared to close his eyes in death.
 For he indeed did worship every line,
 Of graceful form, this angel with a shrine,
 Who well might lean 'gainst some fair heav'nly spire,
 And voice her notes, with some ethereal choir :
 Her hair, the hue of orange rising moon,
 A flaming halo,—strikes the eye but soon,
 As burnished ripples soft caressed the face,
 Of this young goddess, sanctifying her grace.—
 And eyes. those eyes of palest melting green,
 Adorned the visage, beautifying this queen;
 Whose look entranced the gazer's spell-bound eye,
 Who drank their very glory with a sigh.
 Alas ! those pools of dreamy pathos rare,
 Where haunting him by night, and everywhere ;
 And her complexion, like a pale-pink bloom,
 That wafts its fragrance by some silent tomb.
 No unkind act e'er stained her snow-white soul,
 For sympathy was her desired goal.
 The tears would start, if he in sorrow bent,

By dame misfortune's misadventure sent.
 The fairest hand would rest on shoulder bowed,
 Soft whispered comfortings on him endowed.
 And yet, love's joyous cry no utterance paves,
 But welds the hearts of these two silent slaves.
 Her smile hypnotic brought him ecstasy,
 And swept him to the realms of careless-free.
 For in that poise, each alabaster cheek,
 Was dimpled o'er with mannerisms meek :
 What greater happiness could be in store,
 For lovers two on paradise's shore !
 What myst'ry now encircles this sad act,
 Must silence reign to check the living fact ?
 Why must this be, Oh ! heav'n give some reply,
 To helpless man and maid both standing by !
 They'd sacrifice all things on earth and air,
 If some solution could be brought to bear,
 And snap the chains of bondage holding him,
 By wedlock's toils, o'er desolation's brim.
 Elusive thus, the great triangle stands,
 Erected by fate's most unkindest hands.
 For all thro' life deep misery had cast,
 Its blighted hope, and stung him to the last—
 A word of praise, we now describe the man,

Help situations on as best we can.

His bearing proud, dream eyes, with handsome streak
 Stamps all the visage, from the brow to cheek,
 And chestnut hair, that lies in waving dips,
 Completes the picture, with its chiselled lips.
 His noble mien of courtliness and grace,
 Claims all correctness, nothing out of place,
 And like the maid, his sympathies abound,
 And striking personality is found.

A cultured brain, he wields a talent pen,
 The cause of jealousy to other men,
 And women too, the gist lies in this tale,
 The theme is woman, woven round female! —
 Thus cupid held the reins of love's esteem,
 But things were not exactly as they seem :
 The failures rose, as mentioned once before,
 With scheming tact much like the devil's paw.
 Sixth sense, intuition, call it what you will,
 They guessed romance existed with its thrill,
 And fumed to think that love at last was caught,
 And paled at what a happiness had wrought.
 How to destroy ? the seed had taken fruit,
 Making she-devils shake in trembling mute.
 To separate at any cost these two,

Who loved like this! and thus the plotting grew.
They knew the maid, slowly her led astray,
By feigning her concern another way.
They said they knew just how her poor heart felt,
And sought to give her confidence by stealth.
They broke the barrier of her shy reserves,
And gained admission on secret preserves.
They gave advice, claiming themselves as friends,
The serpents entered Eden's virgin glens!
And day by day these sisters of pretence,
Forced her to list and termed it common-sense.
Their cruel natures showed no pity then,
These self-same outcasts of a thousand men.
And bit by bit, concocted stories tell,
That shakes the base of this maid's pedestal.
And scandal wends its quiet snaky way,
He's this, he's that; these vermin have their say,
And lie enfolds each lie, till nothing's left,
The girl is much distraught, and much bereft,
The end is reached, the triumph near complete,
A few more statements sweep her off her feet.
She now believes that badness must exist;
Where once there reigned the lover's knotted twist—

Verse twelve that's found in Genesis's retreat,
 "She gave me of the tree and I did eat!"
 Another incident is on record,
 When Jewish testimony slayed the Lord.
 False statements nailed him to a cross-formed tree,
 Stretched out for scandal's sake on Calvary!
 This then the fate of Him who died for love,
 Forgave the earth, but sought the peace above.
 This simile is drawn to prove a fact,
 Linked with this story now of life's extract—
 And so two hearts were broken by a lie,
 From leperous lips of women passing by.
 These self-same reptiles stalk along the way,
 Reeking with rot, that forms the tongue's decay—
 Woe! unto them, the time is drawing near,
 They'll shriek for mercy on their own cursed bier.
 No one will come, their wild expiring groan,
 Will mock them in their dying throes alone!—
 Beware! ye maids, of this destructive horde,
 And feast not at their poisoned festal-board!

UNFORGETTABLE SEVENTY

The Stairway Leading To The Author's Club.

So must I write, and chant in diverse ways,
About this rostrum which has stood for days,
Nay, years, a silent monument of deeds,
Assisting e'er in one's most direst needs.
Before these lines in detailed poesy's scrawl,
Be writ, and other incidents recall
Upon this stairway, with its friendly rails,
That rocks in secret many blushing tales,
This minstrel, not exempt, but shares the blame,
So gentle reader, delete not the name!
'Twas always said, no hypocrite was he,
Who scorned the cloak of cursed hypocrisy—
Back to the steps, just seventy in all,
From basement floor, to club-house tow'ring tall.
Each foothold frames its confidential theme,
Be it a mishap, battlement, or dream—
What more could soothing balm relax the mind,
After a night of hectic scenes much kind,
In dance-hall portals, or the cafe line,

With women giggling o'er the ruby wine,
 And cachinnations of a bacchic brand,
 Conjoin itself to crash of jazzy band ;
 Than one cold ale, dispeller of all woes,
 That stills the nervous hand of trembling throes,
 And clarifies the aching befogged brain,
 Healing the system——to but drink again;
 And thus to seek this cure of secret core,
 One must ascend ten steps, and threescore more,
 At journey's end, the so called holy grail,
 Awaits the victim, and his sorry tale,
 Whilst sympathetic hands of barman near,
 Pours out a liquid, which research terms beer.
 The crystal tankard now is held on high,
 To slake a thirst, and cool the throat burnt dry.
 Ere brim of mug the hungry lips caress,
 The patient seems much eased of his distress,
 As watching golden motes to surface rise,
 He tilts the cut-glass cup, with half-closed eyes;
 With faintest breath, the froth is blown apart,
 And freezing bev'rage quaffed with bounding heart.
 The pulses beat with vigour now renewed,
 And diff'rent lies the world as it's reviewed.

Another quart, which vanquishes all pain,
 Just one more pint, which follows in its train.
 The pain-wracked hero's sprightly feet descend,
 The grand la scala,——episode's good end !
 The scene is changed, the day a festive one,
 Work laid aside, and youth must have its fun.
 Thus six or eight, the flow'r of chivalry,
 Crème de la crème of spiced society,
 Who serve the crown, and glory in its realm,
 Yet vital points that guide the steadfast helm,
 Prepare for frolic, thus the set advance,
 And climb the famous ladder of mischance.
 Whilst on the way, the converse trends its turn,
 Just purely drivel, not of great concern,
 For now intelligence much dormant lies,
 Without imbibing, how can genius rise?
 The topmost platform reached, the corridor
 Is now traversed, across the smooth-tiled floor,
 And glory be, in panoramic style,
 The bar,——to add, with metaphoric smile,
 Reveals itself, with luring glam'rous sign,
 Liqueur and cognac, gin et cetera,——wine!
 The young bloods now prepare to recreate,
 Divesting tunics of majestic state,

And so bedecked in holiday attire,
 Select a brand,——the name? call it 'Inspire.'
 And thus the pale-gold mixture seeks the lips,
 Suffusing sentiments of youthful rips.
 With steady sure exhilarating glow,
 The play advances, onward goes the show.
 And tongues are loosened to befit the muse,
 And trace its secret pathway of recluse,
 Whilst charms, by fair dame alcohol are lent,
 In vulgar phrase, 'The elbow oft is bent.'—
 The shortest of the group, good worthy John,
 Gives vent to eloquence, and dotes upon,
 The goddess Calliope of epic verse,
 And holds his own, on subjects of converse.
 He dwells on Odyssey, and Iliad,
 And raves 'bout Homer,——Troy's destruction sad,
 Of Ulysses, the wand'rings, scenes galore,
 One almost hears the Grecian at the door.
 The tramp of mailed heel, the flash of steel,
 His glowing tributes, gory deeds reveal.
 And when 'tis done, and energy much spent,
 Another nectar soothes him to content.
 The system braced, once more the voice is raised,
 The scene is Rome,——and gladiators praised.

One hears the words, "Hail ! Caesar praise to thee,
 'Tis I, thine noble gov'rnor bends the knee.
 Glad tidings do I bring from Judea's strand,
 The populace acclaim thine wise command,
 True justice meets the cause of everyone,
 Behold! O Emperor, of the things I've done!"
 Augustus speaks, "Wilt thou not quaff a cup
 Of sweet Falernian wine? Abide and sup,
 The banquet-hall is laid, the maidens fair
 Await to greet thee,——leaving temples bare——
 Come, feast thine stern judicial eyes on them,
 In secret commune, hold each female gem.
 Drink deep from morn till sunrise at thy will,
 The vats be stout, and overflowing still"—
 Thus John broadcasts the phase of ancient line,
 Their ethics, and address of 'thou,' and 'thine.'
 A pause, — —whilst whisky mellow is consumed,
 Then airing of each knowledge is resumed——
 This time 'tis rotund Joe, in mirthful mood,
 One dare not on his sweet preserves intrude,
 He holds the stage, with vocal cadence rare,
 His general knowledge sweeps the tables bare.
 No cleverer man indeed could scarce be found,
 Who launched each argument from logic ground.

He knows the pros and cons of every case,
 And with a smile dissects the human race.
 His friends are belted earls,——the lord knows what,
 The Duke of Kummel,——Countess Justaspot,
 The Lord Chief Justice Sir I. L. Draftbeer,
 And Lady Powder-puff Goodluck-Goodcheer.
 The Hon: let's see, it's Thomas Gilmon Brown,
 An A. D. C. to high-brows of renown.
 And maids of honour, yea, he knows them all,
 From Allsopp's Court, to blend of Huntly's Hall.
 Ah! what a man, the grander ranks to dress,
 And fill a blank, with halo I.C.S.—
 Strop press, dear reader,——let them now refill,
 And drain the sparkling goblet at their will—
 Once more a voice, 'tis Pat that swells the list,
 Long held in check, now breaks the bounds resist.
 With eyes of blue's intoxicated glaze,
 Describes his amourettes of by-gone days.
 Of how the maidens melted at his fire,
 And held him to their own soft heart's desire.
 He likes the stars and stripes,——the ladies more,
 And praises much the produce of that shore—
 For be she slim or fat, love holds his sway,
 The ship of sentiment goes on its way.

With gushing accents, he relates a tale,
 The barefaced methods, turn the author pale.
 The damsel's line of waist symmetrical curve,
 Are things embodied in oration's verve—
 Another drink to warm each system chill,
 And aid the downward course of Patrick's pill—
 Protruding orbs, the glance has now revealed,
 And Kenneth mans the fort, and holds the field.
 No spokesman he, but in his crudy way,
 He hiccups half the time, but has his say,
 And promises the most fantastic things,
 And if he could, he'd distribute the kings.
 His much due banquets don't materialise,
 The flesh is willing, but the spirit dies.
 A heart of gold, this pen must write his worth,
 A comrade true, who walks this mother-earth.
 Free with his purse, but yet no fool be he,
 And holds his own, with fists and dignity—
 Another draught, that key's to concertpitch,
 Blurring the vision, to a which is which?—
 The moment opportune presents the sphinx,
 No word escapes, but all he does is think.
 He bubbles in his glass, a warning dark,

That liquor fumes have reached the plimsoll's mark !
 Thus silent Henry stoical sincere,
 Who relishes much whisky after beer—
 And if at all he speaks, like Delphi old,
 Pronouncements of the oracle are told.
 No loss of temper, but serene outlook,
 By judging cover, misjudge not the book.
 This then is he, in aspect good and true,
 Seek ye the world, like him be found a few.
 No scandal mark, can his be branded with.
 But true in all respects to kin and kith—
 The Persian in out midst, gives us much joy,
 So welcome, Pestom Jampot Dadabhoy.
 His raven locks, the perm resembles much,
 And voice that sometimes holds the female touch.
 Perched with precarious list upon the stool,
 He demonstrates exceptions to the rule.
 Gaining his cap and gown on village green,
 Like other sausages from the machine.
 Let satire's bow, no dark-tipped arrow send,
 To pierce the armour of our Parsee friend.
 But rather praise this fellow-hail-well-met,
 Who likes his dash of something very wet,

To part with him, 'twould be like losing all,
 The perfume spent, the bouquet yielding gall—
 Can it be done? —with senses swaying to
 A rhythmic rocking, which is nothing new!
 “Why not the last,” this phrase oft times is heard,
 Another bumper seals the final word—
 Glide we aback pentameter’s smooth strain,
 The theme be not forgot, the stairs again,
 Pegasus strayed, the object dimmed awhile,
 But scenes connect this famous stepping pile.
 Thus we review an arm-linked motley crowd,
 The main support of one whose head be bowed,
 Who now negotiate these planks of teak,
 Make seventy, now appear one forty’s freak.
 There’s one who slips two down, a bump then three,
 Upheld by hands of gen’rous company,
 Who in their turn are slanged for aid bestowed,
 In language of a most inglorious ode.
 A wave of hesitancy now prevails,
 An argument being broached beside the rails.
 A lurch effects each equilibrium now,
 Which bears upon to terminate the row.
 Three helmets crash, the thuds are heard below,

Act one is o'er, of this ignoble show.
 Adown, and yet adown, one feels the wall.
 To guide, and to support him from a fall.
 Another, who, exhausting all his pep,
 Sinks stupidly upon a dusty step.
 But aid is near, uplifted he must wend,
 His downward course towards the journey's end.
 All's well. ah ! no, one more calamity,
 The outcome to that happy morning's spree.
 A slight collision sweeps Pat off his feet,
 To roll a flight, and greet the stony street,
 For like a corpse, with glassy eyes upturned,
 His inert body to the dust returned.
 With legs outspread, and arms outstretched alack!
 Much like the turtle placed upon its back—
 Now homeward bound, yea home but not astray,
 God speed ye comrades, if ye find the way!
 Adieu! my gentry, till we meet again,
 In the next chapter of romance's train.
 Presented now, dramatis personæ,
 That rings the curtain down on finale—
 The programme's changed, the old year's run its course
 "Good things are passed", all say, as they endorse.

And now to bid what's gone, and welcome new,
 Let's tread a measure in a varied hue
 Of soft surroundings, where the bunting swerves,
 In gold and blue, in intertwined curves,
 Where coloured lights admix with dreamy glow,
 Like fairy-queens suspended row on row.
 The stage is set, the ball of New Year's Eve.
 Ere it commence, we for awhile will leave,
 And saunter where the gradin rears its grace,
 To watch the human pageant mount its space.
 There far below, a group of damsels fair,
 In perfect modes, and latest style of hair,
 Blithe now ascend, in joyous mood be seen,
 In frocks of argent, pink, and crinoline.
 As gliding by, the eye sweeps down again,
 Another maid, with soft supported train,
 In robe of blue, fringed with a border flame,
 And shoes a classic fit to match the same.
 For there beneath the gown, the broidered lace,
 Of petticoat peeped forth, with bashful grace,
 To sweep the stair, with lightest of caress,
 As consolation to the step's distress—
 To pass from view, so do a several score,
 Towards the dance-hall, thro' the guarded door.

A languid dreamer from lethargic state,
Now wakes to life,—a someone's passed the gate,
And with the advent of this vision rare,
Poetic eyes behold the fairest fair.
Thus onward floats this form of beauteous mould,
Adorned in pale-green texture, flecked with gold,
And on her snow-white brow, a single spray,
Of verdant flow'rets rest in choice array.
With feet encased in coloured sandal-ware,
This pure creation mounts the magic stair.
With glist'ning eyes, twin lakes of liquid jade,
Part-poem of this dream exquisite maid,
And ivory eyelids, with the lashes curl,
Blends pink complexion to the ocean pearl.
Their glances meet,—this silent eloquence,
Are all expressed with a divinest tense.
With faintest smile, the bowlips form a line,
The poise being struck, ethereal divine,
And as this hesperus glides gently by,
The artist breathes a self-contented sigh.
Round the ensemble, part of her belong,
A trail of wafted perfume floats along.
As time goes on, a great procession flows,
Of girls and gallants in the smartest clothes.

Now from the stand, the bands-men strike their note,
 Whilst dancers voice approval with their vote.
 The richness of each melody increase,
 And every number is a masterpiece.
 For it must be, an artiste holds the sway,
 A great musician of the modern day.
 The crooner, with her voice, enrapture brings,
 With songs that soar on sentimental wings.
 Applause upon applause, once more encore,
 Three hundred couples glide the polished floor—
 The night is gone, the old year makes its bow,
 With Langsyne's ring, new era's welcomed now.
 The cock has crowed, the streaks of pearly-grey,
 The primal morning of a New Year's Day.
 'Tis over, and the happy crowd departs,
 With joy, exhilaration, bounding hearts!
 The stairs again, foundation of this theme,
 The factor cardinal of poesy's scheme,
 Where tripping feet, these slabs insensate tread,
 Resounding with a sound to wake the dead!
 Once more the airy feet of nocturne's maids,
 Leave their imprint on thee in different grades.
 Once more thine aid is sought, O gen'rous friend,
 Not much in the beginning, as the end :

Thus thou would stand, thro' years, with slow decline,
 If inspiration held no brief of thine,
 And certain pen, part parcel of the crown,
 Not raised to give thee laurels of renown.
 From depths of stagnancy, thou art the rage,
 Today beloved of this our modern age.
 Sought by mankind, and held in silent awe,
 In head-lights flare,—who thought of thee before?
 Ah! Seventy, scorned once by populae,
 Are now the cynosure of public eye.
 Veiled for a space, with prohibition's pall,
 Not now, since thy unveiling welcomes all!
 Adieu! my subject, swung in gentle rhyme,
 Rocked in a cradle to a unique chime.

IF I COULD HAVE AN HOUR OF BLISS WITH YOU

If I could have an hour of bliss with you,
 Far from the shams of worldly life untrue,
 In some fair place where silver moonbeams fall,
 Belovéd will you answer to the call?
 Our life would be one long and sweet refrain,
 And I should be content to have you near,
 Wild happiness would vanquish all my pain,

And thus we'd live within that golden sphere.
 Forget the world, and all its wayward spell,
 Forget those things that all but end in hell,
 And come with me where all is pure and fair,
 Where life is love, and love reigns everywhere:
 For in that garden of my dreams you'll see,
 The myst'ries that unveil the life to be—
 I'll take you to a place where rhythm's born,
 Within the silver cradle of the dawn.
 Pale blossoms in your hair I'll interlock,
 And weave the moonlight for your evening frock,
 And from the stars I'll gather pretty hues,
 To make for you a pair of magic shoes.
 And thus we'd walk o'er landscapes rare and new,
 If I could have an hour of bliss with you !

PATHOS

'Twas you alone, that he did hail,
 From out a wilderness somewhere,
 No matter if at first you fail,
 But later you must meet him there—
 Believe, and you will then restore,
 His heart so sad, and bruised, and rent,
 Have faith, and there is something more,
 To lure, him back from banishment.

THE NATIVITY

Hush ! the world is waiting,
 For the opening of His eyes,
 The Wise Men wait the Saviour,
 'Neath Oriental skies .

Softly peeping from the heavens,
 Came a pearl-tipped Eastern dawn.
 On the silver wings of morning.
 The Son of Man was born !

*By courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India,
 25th Dec. 1927.*

THE MORN OF MORNS

Whilst the argent dawn was creeping,
 Far above that cattle-shed,
 Lay the world's Redeemer sleeping,
 Dreaming in His manger-bed ;
 Whilst a smile divine illumine,
 Soft caressed the Baby-Face,
 Sanctifying the Christ with human,
 Glorifying that Infant grace.
 And the guiding-star suspended,
 As the Magi from the East,
 Hushed their tones, and being contented,

That their gifts be now released.
 And a great concord of singing,
 Swept its anthem 'cross the sky,
 With a million voices ringing,
 Glory be to God on high !
 Oh! that Morn of great rejoicing,
 As soft eyelids slow upcurled,
 To a Mother's gentle voicing,
 Woke the Saviour of the world !

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

The clouds were tinged with silver-grey,
 Like pearls that fringe the wings of night,
 And deepened with the dawn of day,
 Peeping thro' veils of rosy light.
 Pale amber curtains in the sky,
 Swept upward whilst its splendour poured,
 A wealth of colour from on high,
 In homage to creation's Lord.
 It lit the distant hills with fire,
 And spread its flaming golden wing,
 On temple, minaret, and spire,
 In glory to the newborn King !

By courtesy of "The Times of India"
25th December 1931.

CHRISTMAS MORNING

' Sweet hope to mankind is born anew,
Peace be to their homes and them.'
Thus came the message divine and true,
From the Babe at Bethlehem.
The sleeping Saviour opened His eyes,
Proclaiming Man's salvation,
Whilst angels sang from the Christmas skies,
Carols of jubilation !

EASTER MORN

Lo ! a sudden hush was falling,
Round the Arimathean's tomb,
And the soldiers ceased their calling,
Silent standing in the gloom.
In that soundless place of waiting,
Far beyond the gaunt palm-trees,
In that space of mute debating,
Came a breath of perfumed breeze.
Floating with caressing fences,
Round the ring of sentry-line,
Gently drugged the reeling senses,
With its sweetened balm divine.

One by one those guardians slumbered,
From the final scene debarred,
Watchful hours were duly numbered,
Swooning lay the Roman guard.
Whilst along the arid landscape,
Waves of blossoms sprung up there,
Cov'ring all the barren soil-shape,
With its beauty everywhere!
Now the heavens are lit with splendour,
God's ethereal envoys came,
With a word of death's surrender,
And its conquest in His Name.
Slow and soft, and yet so slowly,
The great stone was rolled away,
Whilst the messengers bowed lowly,
On that Resurrection Day.
And the seals of the Sanhedrim,
Loose are hanging, ripped in twain,
Scorning those who dared to place them,
To protect the sacred slain.
Then a glitt'ring silver glory,
Rose before the cavern door,
Prophecy fulfilled its story,
As predicted long before.
For behold celestial whiteness,
'Twas the smiling risen Lord,
Strange enclosed in rings of brightness,

Stood the merciful adored.
 And ten million voices sounded,
 Alleluiahs 'cross the sky,
 And the euphony resounded,
 To the highest of the high.
 Now the clouds are strangely changing,
 With its gradual veils of morn,
 Saffron, roseate, tinctures ranging,
 From embankments broke the dawn !

PETER'S TEARS

Tears from a wounded heart-core, falling like summer rain,
 Springing from swell'n eyelids, dripping with burning pain,
 Welling from lakes of sorrow, splashing from tortured eyes,
 Gazing in bitter anguish, to unresponsive skies.
 Gushing in floods of weeping, trickling in aching drops,
 Mingling with flowing life-blood, with grief that never stops.
 Dumb with silent pleading, shadowed with grim remorse,
 The soul's despair and torment, reflects their downward course.
 Agonised streams of moisture, surging the reeling mind,
 Liquid mirrors of pathos, with mem'ries left behind.
 Clouding a rocking vision, scalding with wat'ry salt,
 But purifying the spirit, that did the greatest fault.
 Hearing the sobs of Simon, Christ soothed the muffled cry,
 God forgave His Peter, by a look with no reply.
 Thus Mankind learnt a lesson, that regret always wins,
 Salvation with the Saviour, who died to cleanse our sins !

THE JUDGEMENT DAY

Far, far, on the wings of an ether, in the ultramundane heights,
 In the hazy shadow of planets, suspended by starry lights,
 Caressing an argent coronal, flung wide by the mellow moon,
 Striking the mystic empyrean, reflecting earth's placid lagoon.
 Like a lodestar in the welkin, o'er heaven's invisible spire,
 The luminous glow is gyrating, like crystalline points of fire.
 On the fringe of a mighty radiance, swept by a blinding ray,
 The Lord of mankind will be seated, on the dawn of Judgement Day !

The earth will spin off its axis, when the goss'mer curtain is rent,
 And the roar of a thousand earthquakes, will rock round the
 firmament.

The dust from the narrow death-beds, will rise up in helical waves,
 As the newborn spirits float upward, from ancient and modern graves.
 The Zodiac will fall in showers, and nebulae wilt and sway,
 The stars will be powdered to granules, as the sun loses its ray.
 And Saturn will slip from its moorings, scatt'ring its mystical rings,
 And space will be much congested, with weird supernatural things.
 Laughter of beautiful women, will float from the ruins of Mars,
 Clasp'd in the arms of their godlike men, as blossoms in place of
 stars.

They will enter the gates of Zion, no death will they ever see,
 Their bodies being deathless matter, that have lived thro' eternity

Will science e'er find the enigma in these attributes of God,
 Who've tasted ambrosial victuals, in lands where amaranth nod,
 Where excursions are made to starlands, by inventions yet unknown,
 In wingless lucent cars that glide, by radio-activity flown !

Lucifer's chariot and cortege, will race on the billows of space,
 Drawn by incorporeal demons, who will dash for the trysting-place.
 In mantles of lustrous violet, far brighter than living flame,
 Striking awe in hearts of angels, who have gained an immortal name.
 The elysian princes will gather, as star-dust coronets gleam,
 'Neath a dome of encrusted crystals, 'midst dazzling celestial beam.
 By the lamp of the Omnipotent, no secrets hypocrites hold,
 For their souls stand bare and transparent, 'fore that throne of
 virgin gold.

Then hell's monarch bold steps forward, adorned with a radium crown,
 Whilst dumb-struck gazes of waiting souls, watch that spectre of
 renown.

Cloaked in a glittering mantle, interwoven with liquid fire,
 In a halo of rainbow rad'ance, soothing his blazing attire.
 Blackest curls fell in massed profusion, resting light on sparkling
 wings,
 Whilst the glow from those eyes of wonder, rose in phosphorescent
 rings.

Then the prince of gehenna's army, falls prone by the sapphire throne,
 Calling upon God Almighty, to claim him forever His Own !

The multitude gather to listen, whilst the silver bells outring,
And seraphs with cherubs twang on harps, as the hosanna they
sing :—

“ On behalf of my scattered legions,” the most tearful voice began,
I was forced since the curse of Adam, to seek destruction of man.
But the sinful task before me, lo ! I did as the Baptist said,
For I tempted Thee, Thou oh ! Saviour, to turn the stones into bread.
The guilt of the Magdala maiden, was mine, by her sins unfurled,
For I knew that sweet Magdalene Mary, would shine before the
World !

The dumb silent anguish I suffered, when blood spread its veil
o’er Thee,

Yet I stood by Your weeping Figure, that night in Gethsemane.
Yea, I softened the heart of Pilate, so that Barabbas should die,
I did all I could for Your freedom, when they shouted ‘Crucify’!
But bowing my head at the verdict, I did as the Father willed,
For I led You to lone Golgotha, that the scriptures be fulfilled.
I wept at the crucifixion, whilst your sorrowful eyes saw me,
As I clung to that cross of mourning, on the brow of Calvary.

Then I spoke to the Roman soldier, to moisten your dying lips,
And eased all the pain of long torment, when held by death’s
struggling grips,

In Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin, I gave You those royal just dues,
By prompting the Procurator, to proclaim You King of the
Jews !

Your blood that was shed for creation, first splashed its pure drops
on me,

As I stooped in lamentation, at the base of that shameful tree.
So hear me, O Lord of all mercy, You know what I speak be true,
If You died for a world's salvation, You died but to save me too ! ”

Then the Voice of Imanuel answered, “Satan why weepest thou ?
Have comfort, thy suff’ring is over, lo ! I am watching thee now.”
And the musical voice vibrated, “ The fires of hell are gone,
Rise Lucifer, light of the dawning, rise up on the wings of morn !
Take charge of the brilliant heavens, take what thy soul doth demand,
Fly, fly, to the highest of power, and resume thy lost command.
Your petition is heard most truly, condoned is the curse of sin,
O ! chief of the angels enter, and abide with Me e’er therein ! ”

SATIRE

Lo ! I am weary of that world, long I for some retreat,
Away from all those clamouring hordes, and some from the elite.
Whose dissipating lives are spent, injected with concern,
Just pleasure seeking sycophants with wings that are aburn.
And virtue like a mocking shroud, encase each devil’s form,
Outward the pious being presents, inward the soul’s deform.
Alas ! ah ! me, no wonder that I sip the golden wine,
And watch in meditation, all that wild synthetic shine—
Young, middle-aged, and old women, with gawkish haggard eyes,
And senseless men who slabber them, with inartistic sighs.
For that sad world, who knows not love, but always must pretend
Will shortly find in headlong flight, their own destructive end.

TABAEMONTANA

(To A Flower)

Tabaemontana, you and I,
Danced, and swung, thro' blissful hours,
I plucked you off, with many a sigh,
A choice from those redolent flowers.
What was the use in that garden fair,
As you swayed in your lonely nook,
With scentless petals that fanned the air,
And the gardener even forsook ?
For as I bore you gently away,
You commanded my button-hole,
As the night was waning to veils of day,
You were part of my very soul.
We waltzed where the moon shed fairy-light,
Her eyes were soft, tender, and shy,
A golden-haired girl, a magic night,
And tabaemontana, and I !

IF THE WORLD DESERTED YOU

If nobody wanted you,
In their company,
We could build a nest for two,
And live happily.

If the world deserted you,
And left you all alone,
I would be forever true,
And still call you my own.
If the world deserted you,
And treated you with shame,
Everything for you I'd do,
And love you just the same.

If you were an outcast sad,
I would hold your hand,
Cheer you till your heart was glad,
Make you understand.

(Musical Rights Reserved)

*By Courtesy of "The Illustrated Weekly of India.
9th August 1936.*

YOU SHALL BE FIRST

When I held your hand that night,
Wild romance just bid me stay,
In a dreamworld of delight,
And told me what to say.

You shall be first, forever and ever,
No one shall hold us, and keep us apart,
Love has a way, which nothing can sever,
I shall be true to you, king of my heart.
You shall be first, thro' all my existence,
Filling my spirit with music and song,
Walking thro' life, no matter the distance,
Loving each other as we go along.

Now I'll build for you a shrine,
Locked with adoration's key,
For I know that you are mine,
Always eternally.!

(Musical Rights Reserved)

By Courtesy Of "The Illustrated Weekly Of India"
27th September 1936.

ROMANCE

Moonlight kissed the sapphire water,
Liquid gold rocked on the sea,
And the Hindu's lonely daughter,
Sang an Eastern melody;
Resting at the Gate of India,
'Neath its dome of mystery,
Where the silvery tones so clear,
Echoed back in harmony.
But a poet heard and sought her,
Haunted by that melody,
Found the Hindu's lonely daughter,
Voicing songs of Sivaji
Love stretched forth its arms and caught her,
Clasped her in a fond embrace,
By the rocking golden water,
Kissed her scented lips and face—
Now the Hindu's happy daughter,
Heaves a sweet contented sigh,
By the trembling moonlit water,
Softly singing lullaby.!

OUR SWING BAND

Let us wish you a very good-night—
We've played just to give you delight—
Each item selected—
And nothing neglected—
The programme has turned out just right!—
And we hope that your dreams will be sweet—
In dreamland together we'll meet—
Our swing band so rare—
Will be heard over there—
On the shores of your sleepy retreat!

YOU GAVE ME ALL

(*To———*)

You gave me all, in the land of my dream,
Something I've craved for and something supreme.
There in your arms, in a world of my own,
Breathing a sweetness that I've never known,
Showered with sympathy, love, and fond care,
I was in heaven with you over there.
Gone was my sadness, my tears all had ceased,
And every moment my joys were increased,
Ardently gazing into your soft eyes,

All I could see was a fair paradise;
And with the touch of your tender caress,
Seeming to vanquish just all my distress.
You gave me life, with awakening kiss,
Thrilled all my being into semblance of bliss,
Showed me a shore of exquisiteness new,
Led me thro' spaces, and brought me to you.
Gone was the heartache so heavy and sore,
Someone at last knew my worth to adore,
And with defiance you challenged all things,
Bore me away on your gossamer wings;
Soared to the sunbeams, and there overhead,
Promised that both you and I should be wed.
I had found love with its essence sincere,
Everything wonderful, everything dear,
Oh! how I worshipped you heart of my heart,
Never, and never, and never to part.
Soul of my soul, you were breath of my breath,
No one to sunder us, not even death—
What was the climax? The stirring in sleep,
Gone was the vision, I plunged in the deep,
Nothing but dust, of a once divine dream,
Faded in fragrance, so doth it seem.
But cherished forever, hence lines were writ,
Guided by mem'ry, and traced bit by bit,
Thus came this verse, to my own passion-flow'r,
Written for you, from a rose-covered bow'r.

DAWN

A glimpse of pearly perfectness,
Then melted into pink,
And dyed the surface more or less,
With nature's wondrous ink.
It faded into amber light,
As something new was born,
Which rose upon the folds of night,
And I beheld the dawn!

Your pearly teeth were perfectness,
Then lips became a line,
And blushes mounted more or less,
With loveliness divine.
The amber nestled in your hair,
And something seemed to rise,
For I beheld it ling'ring there,
The love dawn in your eyes!

TO PROFESSOR H————

(Scholar And Poet)

In that great company, uplifted I,
 To ope my wings into an azure sky,
 To soar on rhythmic pinions, care-free glad,
 Beyond environs of this earth most sad,
 With happiness, and gladden'd soul's release,
 To seek a paradisaical peace,
 With thee to share the joy much after sought,
 In close companionship, admixed in thought,
 To list to knowledge rare, part form of thee,
 And thus infuse this frail simplicity
 I strove for days——To thee 'twas unbeknown,
 And yet alas ! thou never wert alone.
 The priestly garb strode blithely by thy side,
 A guard 'twixt warehouse heights and slumbrous tide.
 Thus morning's constitution (vulgar phrase)
 Strode past and disappeared thro' anxious days.
 With longing eye, and patience then much spent,
 To see and not to speak was half content.
 Adornment, shorts,—feet then in sandals shod,
 In converse deep, trod thou the dockland sod.
 Whilst some stray canine in the wake plod on,

As if to strain its ears to hear the don!
 But meet we did, what had to be was done,
 So short a time, it ceased ere it begun,
 For in that space, 'tis well remembered then,
 The god of learning, prais'd a humble pen.
 Yet ah ! why did my falt'ring footsteps stray,
 To hinder thine great progress by the way,
 Where eloquence being dust, floats there the veil,
 'Tween genius and despair that must prevail;
 For both engrossed, each on a mission bent,
 To classics one,—the other sentiment !

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

Yet once again my heart is softly calling,
 To Eire, the emerald goddess of the earth,
 Where mountain mists adown the slopes are falling,
 And where the shamrock blossomed first at birth,
 Where skies of blue are ever gently smiling,
 Across those verdant lands for miles away,
 Where charms magnetic lure with shy beguiling,
 Proclaim the dawn of this St. Patrick's Day!

By Courtesy Of "The Evening News Of India"

17th March 1939.

RECOLLECTIONS

There is a home I recall in my dream,
A boyish laugh, and a girlish scream,
A fatherly face with its sad kind smile,
Who stayed with us just a little while.
For his spirit passed to the 'great unknown,'
Leaving a fatherless child alone;
But a mother's smiles, that were always dear,
Gladden'd my life with its simple cheer.
In a misty cloud do I see it all,
The walls of our garden grim and tall,
The sun-kissed petals of many flowers,
Helped me to idle those lovely hours.
Oft climbing the mountain top standing by,
Around which the coloured birds do fly,
The world far below, in great stretches lay,
Shielding its lie, in its lying way—
Are my home and those hills forever gone,
And grassy paths where the moonlight shone?
I visualise times when wand'ring with him,
As the sun sunk low, and twilight dim,
He spoke of a love, which but slowly grows,
How it surges, bubbles, gently flows;

Then he told me how mountains breathed my name,
 How bloss'ring valleys, declared my fame.
 We passed thro' the silent corridor trees,
 Rocked by the faintest of summer breeze,
 Like babes in the wood, we two wandered there,
 Thro' flow'rets that swayed in bals'my air.
 Then his lips touched mine in a burning kiss,
 We drew together in perfect bliss.
 All nature was whispering, so he said,
 That love like his would be never dead.
 That sweet happy moment, sweetness divine,
 He clasped me and told me he was mine.
 Alas ! in our neighbourhood lived a girl,
 Unscrup'lous, shameless, deceitful Pearl,
 She sought him one day, on the mountain way,
 Tainted his life, in her curs'd decay.
 And the final result, dare no one tell,
 No marriages grace the church of hell,
 She left him to wander the world alone,
 Seeking for solace, and soul's atone—
 Thus the lie of man, and a wanton maid,
 Has ruined this world with slow degrade—
 And now that we both were but flung apart,
 I've always carried a broken-heart.
 I dream of you oft ah ! lovely bower,
 Recalled in that most sad tragic hour !

SCANDAL

Thrice curs'd be those who bear the stain,
 Of this dread scourge of slow decay,
 Which seems to permeate the brain,
 Transforming men to beasts of prey.
 More deadly than the leprous scales,
 That dry and crack in loathsome form,
 Spreading contagion to females,
 That shrinks their virtue to deform.
 The seal of doom, like brand on Cain,
 Or unclean like some hideous mess,
 Are those who've caused some mortal pain,
 Or brought about a heart's distress.
 For in themselves the seed of shame,
 Grows viler, as the leaves, a chain,
 Surround and choke the utterer's frame,
 Shunned pariahs of a just disdain.

TO A DREAM GIRL

Amber-eyed maiden of fancy,
 'Tis my great triumphal hour,
 To wander thro' El Dorado,
 In search of a pale dream-flow'r.
 Will I find that modest blossom,
 In mantle of primrose hue,
 All wrapp'd in exquisite fragrance,
 That comes from an unknown you ?

For ages I'll sit beside you,
Will you accompany me,
In my car of silver moonbeams,
To India across the sea ?
By the marble Taj at Agra,
With a turquoise sky above,
We'll be safe from breath of mortals,
And hypocritical love !

We'll sip of the perfumed honey,
That springs from a fountain gold,
I'll weave a romance about you,
Which no earthly lips have told;
We'll fly the Himalaya mountains,
With their snow-lined silver crust,
I'll show you the rajah's pathway,
Sprinkled with diamond dust.

From there on to Elephanta,
Where the carven gods strike fear,
Thro' mists of a golden morning,
Looms the gate of fair India.
Across the glittering wave-line,
There is something of renown,
Like bright jewels in their casting,
Are the spires of Bombay town.

Beyond are the varihued flow'rs,
 That sway in the scented breeze,
 Where cities of haunting visions,
 Are clustered with mogra trees.
 The lakes have a silver sparkle,
 Like moonlight on moth'r-of-pearl,
 So who e'er catches my message,
 The same is my own dream girl !

MAID OF MARS

Oh! tell me, tell me, maid of Mars,
 What is love in your world of stars.
 Is it romance, or is it play,
 Or is it the breaking of hearts all day?
 Here in our world everyone knows,
 Love is the cause of all our woes.
 Oft have I followed the planet's bars,
 For thy message to come, Oh! maid of Mars!

A CERTAIN MAGAZINE

There's just one book that grips the heart,
It's always to be seen,
It smiles from every book-stall mart,
A certain magazine.
It thrills the being with wild delight,
As one reads on for hours,
Romance, a lake, a tropic night,
Blue skies and mountain flow'rs.
It also has its lighter vein,
Of jokes and puns galore,
Which gives the mind a happy train,
And makes a laugh, a roar.
Just ninepence spent, will buy you this,
And make your day serene,
So purchase now, and do not miss,
A certain magazine !

,

AN EASTERN POEM

Oh! Rangoon, proud poetic soul,
String thou thine woven rhyme,
With scented metaphors enrol,
Calcutta's odes sublime ;
And join its own perfumery,
To Moulmein's sacred song,
Link stanzas fair from Karachi,
To rhythmic Chittagong.
Madras ! for surely thou canst star,
To add one canto more,
And blend its tone to Malabar,
With strains from Mangalore.
And thus do all great ports compete,
A garland, wondrous chain,
A poem, bouquet, now complete,
With Bombay's soft refrain.

THE PLEDGE

A promise made,—upholding sacred right,
With all the Forces of an Empire's might,
Against aggressive terror, drunk with pow'r,
That struck at Poland in the zero hour!
And for her sake, the R.A.F. advance,
To drive the curséd Germans out of France.
United we're on land, and on the sea.
The darkness gathers now round Italy.
Whilst Hitler's voice cries out aloud for peace.
No quarter giv'n, no pact for a release.
The fairest deal from Chamberlain was sent,
But Nazi greed refused to give consent.
An honoured word bestowed, now much fulfilled,
And vengeance holds the gun, for blood that's spilled,
Till Adolf on his bended knees, and meek,
Surrenders to the strong, who raised the weak!

POPPY DAY

Just a simple little poppy, yet you cannot pass it by,
 For around this sacred emblem, there are memories that lie,
 For it brings back haunting visions of a million heroes dead,
 Who wrote that great word "Freedom" across the universe in red.
 Oh! the breaking hearts of women, and the children's
 plaintive cry,
 When they read the roll of honour, which proclaimed how men
 should die!
 When the conflict then had ended, leaving remnants in its wake,
 Were the blind, the crippled, mangled, for humanity's loved
 sake.
 But a mighty devastation swept its scourge of unemployed,
 Leaving jobless menfolk stagg'ring, with their homesteads
 near destroyed;
 Which the gratitude of mankind made endeavours to restore,
 By the great Ex-Service effort, as they've always done before.
 So please offer your donations, you'll get blessings in reply,
 If you purchase simple poppies, when you all are passing by.

By Courtesy of "The Evening News of India.
11th November 1987.

NAMES

Mary, I must crown thee queen,
 'Mongst all names of flavour,
 Wondrous Violet next seen,
 In May no disfavour.
 Virginia stands fourth in class,

Marjorie in the chase,
Kathaleen has gained a pass
Rosalind gets a place.
Pauline is commended here,
Marquerite fills a blank,
Helen's eyes so pure and clear
Slight Lessens Marie's rank.
Madeline must not despair,
A smile on Thelma's face,
The name Anne is very fair,
And that of pretty Grace.
Dawn is not quite left alone,
Alice comes just after,
On the scene comes happy Joan,
Olive full of laughter.
Lilian is a music chord,
Bellarina blending,
Strikes a diff'rent note from Maud,
Claudine soothes the rending.
Byron made Augusta shine,
Praise be unto Maisie,
Make your bow to Caroline,
All Acknowledge Daisy.
Sylvia, like a sylvan glade,

Where the Pansy bloometh,
 Diana, enchanting maid,
 Holds her own with Lilith.
 Hark! to sound of Rosamond,
 Loved Pearl have no distress,
 Take thy stand with Diamond,
 Gem for an evening dress—
 A simple bouquet now is bound,
 To give each one their cheer,
 A better pen will find the sound,
 For those not mentioned here!

THE MERRY WARBLERS' BAND

Hello ! what ho ! good folks ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
 Our tone, is known, both very wide and far,
 Our main, refrain, they say is simply grand,
 We are, ha ! ha ! The Merry Warblers' Band.
 First rate, it's great, our jazz tunes if you please,
 We play, today, the latest melodies.
 Come dance, your chance, we'll give a helping hand,
 We're near, hear ! hear ! The Merry Warblers' Band!

ON MARIE CORELLI'S "THE SOUL OF LILITH"

Thro' perfumed hours of night and day,
The soul of Arab Lilith lay,
And when that voice spoke from above,
El Rami heard the word of love !

TO M. C.

How poor in circumstance, how rich in thought,
A luckless Cinderella born in name,
Until the Nine conferred, found what they sought,
From tattered raiments stepped, a princess came.
Not being content, endowments now bequeathed,
On her fair brow, was placed the diadem,
And each young goddess, in her ear soft breathed,
A language strangest known alone to them.
The maid thus grew, imbued with gifts most rare,
A sanctity, twin-parent of her being,
Unlike the modern Miss, callous, void care,
Who grasp or covet pelf, much worth its seeing,
Or in life's path of discontentedness,
Evolve some crude, or most ingenious knack,
To cast a silver net, deceptiveness,
Or ply with wine some dipsomaniac.
But she apart from sisters of the time,
Cared naught for wealth, nor mercenary quest,
Found solace in a dreamworld etched sublime,
Sought much to lift the anguish of distressed.
Unblemished attributes, veiled purity,
Infusing with its stainless beam the soul,

Madonna-like in its divinity,
Creating one pluperfectness the whole.
This lucent spirit seeking not a price,
With gentle influence enslaved the good,
And all the understandings of self-sacrifice,
Gives calm reflection of the sacred rood.
Despite the works, the genius brain unfurled,
The restless critics stormed with vicious sting,
And morose sneerers crept about the world,
Like gods of wisdom, in their muttering.
Effect there was, a few unlettered knaves,
And lettered fools, chained to a learnt degree,
Split now in twain, who once were mighty waves,
Before the bows of ships that plough the sea.
For undeterred queenly magnificence,
Unruffled at the darkened cornered hiss,
Sought to reply, as if in recompense,
To taunts returned, her much forbearing bliss.
The pen unchecked, in graceful language flows,
In prose, embarrassing the poesy's law,
Poured forth in torrents from a soul's repose,
To live for countless years, or evermore!
Day followed day, within that studio's fold,

The golden-head in arduous task was bent,
 O'er works of art, twice worth their weight in gold,
 Which flashed its fame far o'er the firmament.
 Thus sate this well belov'd, in silent toil,
 Where clamb'ring roses shed their perfumed pall,
 Where Avon winds and laps its native soil,
 And landscapes oft great memories recall.
 Where Warwick stands amidst its rural site,
 Each season all its beauties to enhance,
 Beside the forest bathed in varying light,
 Where Arden's woods immortalised romance.

AFTER HAVING WRITTEN

Take now this book with no demand,
 Lost is the sense of pain,
 These verses are for its remand,
 Let critics sneer disdain—
 Like those before I'll take my stand,
 A stripped and crownless thing,
 Showing the world we understand,
 Their joy and sorrowing !

THE POET'S FAREWELL

Good-bye! to the wind in the tree-tops,
Farewell! to the birds as they sway,
Adieu! to the glistening dew-drops,
The poet is passing away!
Give my love to the purple mountains,
Here's a kiss for the sapphire sea,
A thought for the flowers and fountains,
Which gave inspiration to me—
A word to the lakes and the rivers,
A message to stars in the sky,
Those silent and eloquent givers,
I'll leave them a tear and a sigh.
Chant my rhythm to nature's beauty,
Breathe a pray'r to critics as well,
For I go to complete my duty,
In the land where the Muses dwell.
Across the wide portals of heaven,
By the trail of the nebulae,
Where the sister lights cluster seven,
I'll write them a verse from on high.
When the shadows of eve are falling,
And night casts its gloom o'er the sky,
This spirit of mine will be calling,
Farewell to all nature,—good-bye!

TO FRANK PORTLOCK ESQR.

In these lines dedicated to you,
I've selected a staunch sincere friend,
From the list that now stands for review,
Something rare from the usual trend.
Not polluted like those of the past,
I have met thro' life's hazy ravines,
Whose one slogan and loathsome repast,
Is an end sought to justify means !
But you're something that sounds with a ring,
Not the metalline's spurious clank,
But true-blue, upright, good, everything,
Who now soars to the highest of rank.
For the Great Cause, you've never gainsaid,
You've established a donator's place,
Always "Yea," with the nod of your head,
And the smile of a gentleman's grace !

•

TO SIR JOSEPH KAY, KT.

A pleasure indeed, in your placid surroundings,
To have held you in converse recalling gone days,
To hear of the splendours that then were abounding,
When yourself and my sire both trod the same ways.
The gist of each mem'ry as thoughts were receding,
In its painted portrayals down life's avenue,
Were sighs of regret on those pages of reading,
All but heartaches to me, but resplendent to you!
Now having traversed to an age of discretion,
There are foot-prints on time's most established highway,
Impressions of mine, may be termed an obsession,
But yours are unfading, that must stand for alway!
There are years yet before you,—my star is waning,
You have yet to accomplish a grander thing new,
Whilst I must stagnate in the mire of complaining,
Yet must wish you good-luck, and God bless you,—adieu!

To A B

(The Author Of Farewell To Paradise !)

Attuned lyrical work imbrued with song,
From Shanghai's strand, to bound'ries of Hongkong,
Depicting far flung scenic isles serene,
Across blue waters clear aquamarine.
From thence spindrift, and turbulent typhoons,
To Pago Pago's mirror'd blue lagoons,
That vessel with imaginings plow way,
To pillowed Hilo, slumb'ring in Hawaii.
And there, those island eyes, that fragrant kiss,
Are painted in its hypotyposis :
Would I not now, with Hawaiian maiden brown,
Cross the great alsirat, to seek renown,
There hold her in a blushing love's embrace,
Beyond a million miles of bluish space,
And claim a truth from quiv'ring lips of fire,
Where heart, soul, mind, respond with one desire.
To live in sweet attachment by her side,
Each unto each, all inmost thoughts confide,
And hold this maid in those vermilion skies,
With looks transfixed, enrapture in our eyes ! —

Hush ! for a space,——let Alfred ope the door,
 And guide us through to Vina del Mar's shore,
 And there in coloured tinctures poetise,
 Sing nature's gifts in chords that harmonise,
 And lift the minds that wallow in their vice,
 And teach the world that beauty has its price,
 And strive to stimulate that much decay,
 And bring them forth from darkness into day—
 Must interruption mar this fluent verse,
 Deform the fair, producing now the worse ?
 So let it be,——a word 'twixt Alf and I,
 The canker, that the both dare not deny—
 What use be there in rhymeward path to tread,
 And cheer an epicurean throng who gibes instead
 Of being content with this a proffered gift,
 For soul's salvation. mental's great uplift ?—
 A thankless task, rewardless, and despised,
 By those who know not how it should be prized.
 The only thing to cause sensation mad,
 Present them works like Alex's Dunciad ! —
 Now to proceed,——let fancy cleanse its mode
 From lines distorted twelve, to face the road
 Of lustrous pageants splashed by A.B's ken,
 Displayed by his most colorific pen !

Then onward glide where Tutuila's isle,
 Guards Samoan daughters with their luring smile,
 Whose dewy lips, and orbs of moonlit jet,
 And raven curl soft sweeps a cheek brunette ;
 Whose frailest finger-tips, with light caress,
 Brush back life's weary years, dissolve distress ;
 Rejuvenate, inweave with magic spells,
 By angels in the form of damosels.
 Where love, is love——deception's criminal role
 Find no existence in the reborn soul.
 Where wealth as bait, lose all attraction's hold,
 And pure romance now substitutes the gold ! —
 Turn we the page where Vita Levu pries,
 Beneath the sunset's flame of Fiji skies,
 Where grazings cease, and verdant vales remain,
 In alcoves hushed, as shades of evening wane.
 Whilst mountain crags, fond gaze on parent hills,
 And mounds in turn, now view the dimming rills.
 Whilst blends o'erhead, in coloured mass confuse,
 Till lunar beams usurp the dying hues—
 And now farewell !——farewell to paradise !
 And thee——I've writ, by such to fraternise,
 And bow acknowledgements for your esteem
 Towards myself,——accept this humble deem !

TO BUBBLES

(Dawn)

Child of my soul!—let now pegasus soar,
 A parent hand, the pen once more uplift
 For thee! This heart and being must e'er adore
 Earth's sweet reward, from heav'n's most cherished gift.
 The tresses soft, transform the pictured face,
 Where gray-green eyes absorb all innocence,
 And rose-bud mouth to match, but not outpace
 Perfection's role, adds much to consequence.
 Each pale-gold strand befits the head that rears,
 Once bent o'er anxious studies juvenile,
 Whilst schools and varsities outline careers,
 For such as thee, in their most polished style——
 I, much bemused, once watched thy childish hold,
 Wield with determination's mode the pen,
 Hoping the baby-scrawl one day would mound
 Into maturer wisdom changed since then——
 Remember this dear one! poetic lore,
 Today frustrated by our modern age,
 Which once in Tommy's time, and much before,
 Held sovereign sway, and scented every page.
 Albion herself paid homage to her sons,
 Britannia held them to her panting breast,
 Whilst bards contested laurels, each outruns
 The other in the chase to poise the best!——
 But stay!——When nature gowns thee womanhood,

And guides from youth to years of riper views,
 This much lost art, which now misunderstood,
 In vogue again, reflowers in self-same hues——
 'Twill be thy day—— The day of days be thine !
 No more the infant fingers ply the pen,
 No more transcription, or the verb define,
 Or hush the dolls to sleep with the children.
 No more the uniform of dark-blue shade,
 No more the satchel held, and hat awry,
 And nut-brown shoes, both strong and ready-made,
 No more will dancing mischief gloss the eye——
 But sober sense commands,——outlook obeys,
 The pen of tender years becomes a might,
 And verseward trend, the labour's fruit portrays,
 In epic masterpieces of that flight.
 Care not for shambling cynic's twisted sneer,
 Beware lest critic's laceration cause thee pain,
 Be adamant, not misseem, but sincere,——
 And ne'er misjudge,——write not with truth's constrain.
 Be kind in every sense, aid them who fall,
 If gift of speech be thine, be sore discreet,
 Be courteous to the humble, rich, and small,
 In mansion, poor-house, or the narrow street.
 If this you do, and with the pow'r of art,
 A poetess of fame that day is born,
 Your duty's done, the world will do their part,
 In acclamation sing the praise of Dawn !

TO M——

A Fragment

I'm thinking of you when the sunset,
Trails over the western sky,
I'm dreaming of you with a regret,
And those empty years and I.
Tho' my heart is pierced with a sorrow,
My eyes pent with poignant pain,
I'll watch for the next great tomorrow,
The sunset to come again.
I'm thinking of you when the sunset,
Fades low in its orange dome,
I'm sighing for you like a bereft,
Thro' life all alone I roam.
There's nobody left in the land,
Friends have deserted me quite,
And the whole world can ne'er understand,
This figure of broken blight.
I'm thinking of you when the sunset,
Flames back in its farewell veil,
It reminds me of love's last lips met,
In a kiss in a flowered dale.
One day you will wake from your slumbers,
When loud is the praise of fame,
Voiced forth from the great surging numbers,
And you'll rise to hear my name!
Till then, I am watching the sunset,
Changing and changing its hue,
From a carmine to deep violet,
Thinking forever of you!

WE'LL BOMB YOU

We'll bomb you, we'll bomb you,
We'll bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb you,
No matter where you go —
What do we care for your marching feet,
We'll soon have you on the great retreat,
Mister Adolf Hitler!
We'll bomb you, we'll bomb you,
We'll bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb you,
We don't care a hang,
For your big bang bang,
For your armies forming,
And your guns all storming,
For your Mussolini,
And his macaroni,
For your turn-tail navy,
And admirals wavy,
We'll bomb you, we'll bomb you,
Mister Adolf Hitler!
We'll bomb you, we'll bomb you,
We'll bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb, bomb you,
It's our turn now, and the blow goes in,
We'll keep you running till you reach Berlin,
And when you're caught, we'll stand and grin,
Mister Adolf Hitler!

TO PATRICK.

Young loving heart, whose faith hath never waned,
In this, thy sire, much confidence didst place,
With pride thy childish breast steadfast remained,
In rooted knowledge, and the thoughts it graced ;
That in time's cycle, that deep seed would bear
The fruits of labour, from a parent mind,
And that same simple boyish loving care,
Hath taught him much, the wisdom of its kind.
The science of belief is manifest,
Withstanding outbursts of volcanic blast,
And from eruptive matter passed the test,
Unblemished, unaffected, to the last——
How proud be him, to know reliance held
Thy soul and being in bonds of sweetest trust,
Whose eyes beheld the light, dark clouds repelled,
Saw good in all, and cast aside the fust.
No words could balk, from vip'rous lips that fell,
To swerve thee from that chosen road to hold,
No evil influence could weave its spell,
Or purchase that resolve with tainted gold.
An outlook fixed, no gloom the vista drape,
Allegiance, blazed the path of one so young,
No matter what befell, naught could unshape,
Or shake a resolution once begun.
What e'er he did, 'twas best, thou thought it so,
A credo much confined to tender years,

From babes and sucklings deeper meanings flow,
 Which sometimes change a wiser world of gears—
 In all thy troubles, sought thou him to ease,
 And smooth the ruffles of that temperament,
 And from the play-field, home with much scarred knees,
 He lent his ear to every argument.
 In boyish speech the game was thrice retold,
 Of how the ball bounced high, and sometimes low,
 Of how the youthful warriors bit the mould,
 And passed the leather in a stylish show ;
 And from the corner with resounding smack,
 The sphere was kicked to strike the whitened pole,
 Rebounding, it was placed with clever knack,
 And how the centre scored a thrilling goal ! —
 And when the season changed, as all things do,
 The topic of the top, in vogue again,
 Deep wounded things of wood, placed for review,
 Deprived of their once gaysome painted stain—
 What sparkling joy lit up thine eyes of grey,
 When Louis still remained the fistic king,
 What imitations of that bout's display,
 By thy lithe prancings in imagined ring.
 The uppercuts that clove the spaces void,
 And solar plexus jabs that stung the air,
 And all the ring-craft tactics then employed,
 Be sure J L would not have faced thee there ! —
 The phase of kites creep on, the spirits rise,
 As paper diamonds soar into the blue,
 And aerial battles grace the placid skies,

A school-boy pass time, nothing really new.
 Excitement runs much riot as the thread
 Is severed by some stranger of the air,
 And with its final parting now has sped,
 The plaything lists, to rest just anywhere.
 Its buying is the cream of youth's delight,
 Selecting this, and that, what's good, what's fine,
 And cheeks are flushed, eyes glitter at the sight
 Of every colour held by aniline! —
 The curtain falls, to rise on marble stores,
 Each glassy spheroid boxed in patterned glow,
 And peerless ones selected without flaws,
 By youths, whose knowledge dates from long ago.
 The common kind, of fashioned stony thing,
 Is much ignored, if finance swells the purse,
 Which circumstance resorts to purchasing,
 If cash be low, and funds set with reverse—
 How oft thine sleepy eyes betimes blinked ope,
 And tiny fists rubbed orbits, aid to lend
 A clearer vision, giving rise to hope,
 And words, "The bus fare's there,—Something to spend!"
 No such request was gainsaid e'er by him
 Who understood that youngsters all must eat
 Or gorge, to put it crudely, to the brim
 Of their desire, and term the same a treat! —
 To close,—his blessings rest on thee, and guide
 Without mishap, thro' life's great thorny ways,
 And him who loves thee much, strides by thy side,
 A solace thro' the shroud of irksome days.

TO A VOICE

He much downcast, spoke sad and low
To her, in words sore pent,
Each glory holds its tale of woe,
And mine be not exempt.
Take heed, ah ! me, look well, beware !
Lose faith, 'tis best for thee,
Cast trust aside,——a devil's snare,
Believe no more in me !
Forewarned, I tell thee, thine pure ears,
Will hear no wild acclaim,
But burn with its polluted fears,
When they pronounce my name !
The lights will flare its titled shape,
Till force expended dies,
And dimness into darkness drape,
Where fiends soliloquise.
The Pack upon their prey will spring,
With Critics' wolfish yelp,
Straight at this so thought aidless thing,
Who cannot summon help ! —
Thus list to me, ere it be late,
Retract, from path to steer,

Be pensive not, nor contemplate,
In brooding thoughts be here.
Save thou thyself, 'tis all I ask,
Let sev'rance haste thy gait,
Alone I stand, to face the task,
And not succumb to fate ! —
Vibrant with tuneful earnestness,
The gloried soul lay bare,
In it, divinest things possess,
To blaze it fairest fair.
Akin to some angelic tone,
Escaping heaven's blue,
An answer from the great unknown,
Came from God's avenue ;
Soft floated to this sordid sphere,
Bourne on compassion's wing,
Like spectral breath was wafted near,
To hallow everything.
Thus Alma spoke in richness clear,
In silvered accent's thrill,
If all the world shuns one so dear,
I shall be with you still !

TO MARY

Daughter of love ! the primal tie that bound
Parental sentiments by thine fair birth,
Hearts throbbed with joy, and happiness was crowned,
And heaven for a space became the earth——
Rejoicings swept the land of our abode,
In that sweet sanctuary there dwelt its charm,
Whilst Juno smiled,——her benison bestowed,
A low-breathed pray'r that banished every harm !
That supplication heard,——the years slipped by
To weave itself into a patterned span
Of tender girlhood age, that pleased the eye,
Befittingly with nature's well-set plan.
Cast in its maiden mould of slender frame,
The features bore the touch of beauty's print,
Perfection ceased its work,——forth then outcame
A sweet creation from that rosy mint.
With hair that fell in rippling glossy wave,
A light-brown show'r of loveliness sublime,
Glory released its gift, and gladly gave
The best it had, to now bedeck this prime.
And lovesome warm brown eyes of tender hue,
Wherein its misty depths no anger flecked,
But sympathies outpoured to flood anew

Those bount'ous wells, to give their all unchecked.
 The mother-heart of youth, in softness swell,
 For those in pain, in aid, or seek reform,
 And if need be, with them and theirs will dwell,
 To still the anguish, and quell much the storm.
 The gift of mem'ry clings, the sharpened sense,
 Once heard or read, the faculties being fleet,
 Outflash the somehow ordinary dense,
 Who need much promptings, striving to repeat :
 But maths ! with problematical degree,
 A bane to many, held no treasured niche,
 Always at war with it, and it with thee,
 Each answers to the other, " which is which ? "
 Last now of all, one talent holds the stage,
 Terpsichore in favour beamed her grace,
 Beheld the feet, summed up the tender age,
 And carved for thee a great allotted place.
 Thus on that night, when encore rent the air,
 As Argentina's dance with artistry,
 Combined with song,—applause from everywhere,
 Concluded its first great reality.
 So shalt thou be, in future years to sway,
 If Hollywood acclaims thee as its own,
 Laudations, stardom, and the famed bouquet,
 Throughout the universe thy name be known !

TO CYPRIANO

(*The Barman*)

To make no mention, 'twould be indiscreet,
 From one whose hand I much received good cheer,
 In direful troubles, made my happiness complete,
 And catered for my needs with lager-beer
 Gin, whisky too! —thy purring voice droned on,
 I drank—the coloured world soft floated by,
 Determined then to pass the Rubicon,
 But faltered with intoxicated eye! —
 Now things are changed, as all things really do,
 The mineral substitutes the dreams that were,
 I don't regret the pleasant hours with you,
 In recreation's pink-gin shore-land there.
 On that same counter I received applause,
 My autograph being then in much demand,
 And all this notoriety because
 The Aga Khan's Cup poem took command.
 And now adieu! perhaps no more to meet,
 Not on the terms we oft times met before,
 In parting, please accept this Christmas greet,
 In mem'ry of those gloried days of yore!

TO SIR HENRY GIDNEY KT

In Anglo-India's skies there glowed a star,
 Of magnitude the first, that swept its ray,
 Like Bethlehem's famed flash that gleamed afar,
 To guide a course, and light the Grotto's way.
 Sir Henry was the beacon's flaming fire,
 Whose orbit sailed on lines of Right is Might,
 Whose lumination lesser lights inspire,
 Who gathered courage at the blazing sight.
 This lone great Crusader undaunted strode,
 To plead the cause of a Community,
 Across uncobbled opposition's road,
 His aim in life, his one sole destiny.
 For wealth no care, spurned he the golden way,
 Renounced his practice, wherein cash itself,
 With luring arms outheld, bid then him stay,
 And gather in the harvest's glitt'ring pelf.
 In Nineteen Twenty Five, Lord Birkenhead
 Gave welcome to this deputation's claim,
 Not purposeless the errand, but instead
 Gave sympathetic hearing in its name.
 Bengal agreed thus to amalgamate,
 In Twenty Six, with this All-India scheme,

And from that very celebrated date,
 Joint efforts made this brotherhood supreme !
 The Advocate went on,—too late !—ah ! no,
 'Twas the last hour,—eleven struck its knell,
 The dice was held,—with one last mighty throw,
 On this great Delegate the honour fell.
 The first Round Table held their conference,
 A vacancy for him to plead his views,
 The Pow'rs that be, made minute reference,
 Found satisfaction in their own reviews.
 This not enough, at all three R T Cs,
 This man of unction held the covet place,
 Slow but so very surely by degrees,
 Won great renown for Anglo-India's race.
 In Thirty One, a knighthood's cloak bedecked,
 This figure who obtained the object prized,
 Went forth for his own race with heart unchecked,
 A nomad tribe before—now recognised !

**PRESIDENT'S
SECRETARIAT**

LIBRARY

